LOVE IN THE DARK,

OR

The Man of Business.

A COMEDY:

Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL
By His MAJESTIES Servants.

WRITTEN By
Sir *FRANCIS FANE, Junior*;
Knight of the *BATH*.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret. Hor.

In the *SAVOY*.
Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold
at the Anchor in the Lower Walk of
the *New Exchange*. 1671.

LOVE IN THE DARK,

OR

The Man of Business.

A COMEDY:

Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL
By His MAJESTIES Servants,

WRITTEN By
Sir FRANCIS FANE, Junior;
Knight of the BATH.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret. Hor.

In the SAVOY.
Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold
at the Anchor in the Lower Walk of
the New Exchange. 1675.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
JOHN. Earl of
ROCHESTER.

Gentleman of His *MAJESTIES* Bed-chamber.

My LORD,

OFFenders, long conniv'd at, come at last to be try'd for their Lives, and are forc'd to call upon their fatally indulgent friends to bring them off: for Volunteer Poets are at least as mad as those who, out of wantonness play themselves into the Gallies. 'Tis high time to cast my self at your Lordships Feet, and humbly beg your Protection to this rude Piece, which grew the bolder by your incouragement. All Poems in their Dedications, ought to return to your Lordship, as all Rivers to the Sea, from whose depth and Saltness they are season'd and supply'd; none of them ever coming to your Lordship's hands, without receiving some of the rich Tinctures of your unerring Judgement; and running with much more clearness, having past so fine a strainer. If this receives any approbation in the World, I must ascribe it principally to your Lordship's partial recommendations, and impartial corrections. Your Lordship is the first person in the World, by whom I have been Highly and Heroically oblig'd: and if the first Impressions of Gratitude, may be as strong and captivating, as those of the first Love; they must needs be much more lasting and immutable, in my Passion for your Lordship; since the World affords no object so high and admirable, ever

to work a change; your Lordship being the most accomplish'd of all Mankind, that Lever knew, read, or heard of, by Humane testimony. Eminent Beings are as hard to be believ'd, as they are to be understood: and no Man can speak Truth of your Lordship's Superlative Endowments, without suspicion of Flattery; nor conceal them without conviction of Ignorance. That famous Temper of weight, so rarely found in Bodies, appears most Illustriously in your Lordship's Mind, Judgement, and Fancy, seldom concurring in other Men, in any small proportion, are possest by your Lordship in the highest degree that ever was allow'd the Soul of Man; yet with so happy and harmonious a mixture, that neither of them predominate nor usurp; but, like two peaceful Colleagues in Empire, agree within themselves, and govern the rest of the World; acting in your Lordships noble, and elevated Mind, like Fire and Air in the upper Region, whose Purity makes them easily convertible, and mutually assistant, whilst they are always quarrelling and preying upon each other, in gross inferior Bodies. What was favourably said of my Lord Bacon *in his time, may much more justly be affirm'd of your Lordship, in yours; That if ever there were a beam of Knowledge, immediately deriv'd from God, upon any Man, since the Creation, there is one upon your self. Others, by wearisome steps, and regular gradations, climb up to knowledge; your Lordship is flown up to the top of the Hill: you are an Enthusiast in Wit; a Poet and Philosopher by Revelation; and have already in your tender age, set out such new and glorious Lights in Poetry, yet those so Orthodox and Unquestionable, that all the Heroes of Antiquity, must submit, or* Homer *and* Virgil *be judg'd Nonconformists. For my part, I account it one of the great felicities of my life, to have liv'd in your age; but much greater, to have had access to your Person, and to have been cherish'd and enlighten'd by the influences, and irradiations of so great a Luminary. For, I must confess, I never return from your Lordships most Charming and Instructive Conversation, but I am inspir'd with a new Genius, and improv'd in all those Sciences I ever coveted the knowledge of: I find my self, not only a better Poet, a better Philosopher; but, much more than these, a better Christian: your Lordship's miraculous Wit, and*

intellectual

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Intellectual pow'rs being the greatest Argument that ever I could meet with for the Immateriality of the Soul; they being the highest exaltation of humane Nature; and, under Divine Authority, much more convincing to Suspicious Reason, than all the Pedantick proofs of the most Learnedly peevish Disputants: so that, I hope, I shall be oblig'd to your Lordship, not only for my Reputation in this World, but my future Happiness in the next. Reflect then, my Lord, I beseech you, on your own sublime perfections, the profuseness of your Favors, my powerful (though presumptuous) inclination to your Person, and judge if it be possible, for any other Man living to pay your Lordship so sincere and affectionate a Veneration, as

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Devoted,

Obedient, and Humble Servant,

FRANCIS FANE.

PROLOGUE.

WHat though we've broke the Genius of this Age,
Tame Pegasus to fetter on the Stage;
Imprison in close Rimes, well-govern'd Rage?
Alas 'tis easier much for them in France,
The English *do but Walk, when* Frenchmen *Dance,*
Rhyme comes to them by Nature, Wit by Chance.

Rhyme is a cheating Vapour, which unseen
Ill Poets, like ill Spirits, pass between
To good Wits but a shade, to bad a Skreen.

Then since our Heroes rowz'd with French *Allarms,*
Have beat the Mounsieurs *at their own slight Arms,*
With lofty Sense, in place of gingling Charms.

Our Poet hope's you'll not expect to day,
T'have all his down-right thonghts dress up so gay,
If his Coyn chinks too much, you'll doubt allay.

But oh! the hungry Critick longs to bait
And thinks, like Men on Scaffolds, we Dilate
Preaching to stop irrevocable Fate.

Lean Wit! who like some indigesting Eater
With Wolf in's Stomach, preys on all fresh Matter
By his ingrateful Gutt, ne'r made the fatter.

No

No no, our Author hopes you will excuse
The yielding Follies of his Virgin Muse.
Who learns to Court, practising to refuse.

For Modesty's the Daughter of Desire
An Artificial Ice that's made by Fire.
That does at first deny, at last require.

Pardon the stirrings of his Maiden Pen.
Imbrace her briskly, the first time, and then
She'll never leave you, till you do't agen.

Persons

The Persons Represented.

		By
Loredano, Doge of *Venice*		Mr. *Betterton*.
Cardinal *Colonna*, the Pope's Legate.		Mr. *Bowman*.
Hircanio, *Grimani*.	Procurators of St. Mark	Mr. *Cartwright*. Mr. *Griffin*
Cornanti, an old jealous Senator.		Mr. *Winterſhal*.
Intrigo, a curious formal Coxcomb.		Mr. *Lacy*.
Count *Sforza*, *Trivultio*, *Viſconti*.	Gentlemen of *Milan*.	Mr. *Kynaſton*. Major *Mohun*. Mr. *Hayns*.
Jacomo, *Cornanti*'s Man.		Mr. *Charlton*.
Circumſtantio, *Intrigo*'s Man.		Mr. *Shatterell*.
Satana Advocate-General.		Mr. *Harris*.
Proveditor.		Mr. *Powel*.

		By
Parhelia, the *Doge*'s Daughter.		Mrs. *Uphill*.
Bellinganna, *Cornanti*'s Wife.		Mrs. *Boutel*.
Aurana, Daughter to *Hircanio*.		Mrs *James*.
Melinda, Daughter to *Grimani*.		Mrs. *Slade*.
Vigilia, *Bellinganna*'s *Duegna*.		
Hircanio's Wife.		
A *Confeſſor*.		
Senators.		
Officers and *Servants*.		

LOVE IN THE DARK;

OR, THE

Man of Busneſs.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The* Piazza *of* St. Mark.

Trivultio Solus.

THE Carnival's begun; the Feaſt of free-born Souls,
Where Nature Reigns, and Cuſtom is depos'd:
That Magiſtrate of Fools, Wiſemen's Uſurper;
And yet no news from *Milan*!

Enter Viſconti *harkening.*

Was ever Man ſo diſappointed? I have no leſs than Fifteen Marriages on foot; four of 'em are already conſummated, by the help of ſome ſlight Vows, without the ſolemn Perjury in a Church: five or ſix more are finely warm'd and ſoften'd, and ready for the Seal; and all are at a ſtand, for want of theſe ſame little ſcraps of Paper, call'd *Bills of Credit*: and, beſides, now I think on't, I am to purſue my Legitimate pretenſions to my rich Miſtreſs *Auraw*; but a Pox; theſe Marriages in earneſt come time enough, and ſpoil the others. The Oaths and Promiſes of Batchelors paſs currant, and are not diſproveable; but a marry'd Man, that ſwears Virtuous Love to others, is perjur'd in a Court of Record.

Visc. Come, Sir, for all your Perjury and Idolatry,
'Tis Money makes the shortest way of Courtship.

Triv. Who the Devil sent for thee to condole?

Visc. How many Letters, Legs, Cringes, Compliments, does this Money save you? most Women's Pride is greater than their Lust, and if they love to see themselves admir'd, how much then must they needs love them that make 'em admirable!
The supple Worshippers are but Slaves to Beauty:
The Givers are superior Deities.
That send the Jewels and fine Cloaths, guilty
Of half the Murders those plum'd Females cause.

Triv. I Sir, and make 'em insolent and inaccessible to themselves. Those that give fine things to their Mistresses, like *Dutchmen*, in time of War, sell Weapons to their Enemies.

Visc. Faith, Sir, I believe the Ladies need not fear your Liberality at this time. But, to be plain (Friend) if thou hast receiv'd no Bills of Exchange, try the old Banquer *Cornanti*, your Father's Friend, who (by the way) has a lovely Woman to's Wife, and is as jealous of her, as becomes old age, that knows its own Wants: he'll lend at first, for fear you should come twice.

Triv. 'S life, so I will; but is she to be seen?

Visc. Nay, stay a little. Now has he as clearly forgot the thought of Money, as if he had the *Indies* in his pocket. Don't you consider that you must put your self in Equipage, to do Honor to your Countrey-man *Sforza*, who is this day design'd to be Gentleman of *Venice*, and Admiral of the Gallies, for his exemplary service the last year, against the Turks, in *Candia*; where you know, he slew two Bassa's with his own hands? After his Election, he intends to Feast the Senators a week, and desires our assistance at the entertainment.

Triv. Is this the day design'd? Faith, 'tis a noble fellow.

Visc. He is the very Soul and Quintescence of Honour; and has reduc'd that wandring Science, made up of Vice and Virtue, *una* from Moot-points, to judg'd Cases: he has tam'd that Monster got betwixt Pride and Justice.

Triv. O, I; he is a Man of ſo much Honor, one would not be troubled with it: 'tis as ſqueamiſh and as ſore as a tender Conſcience. But who told you this?

Viſc. I juſt now parted from him, and *Intrigo.*

Triv. Ha, ha, he; *Intrigo*! that inſufferable Coxcomb, that Ape of Wiſdom and Gravity, that haunts the Court and *Council of Ten*, and places of Judicature, and brings away all the Shells of buſineſs, and leaves the Kernels behind?

Viſc. I, the very ſame; He will ſit you ſeven hours alone in the *Lobby*, next to the *Doge*'s Bed-chamber, to be thought a Privado; and, for the moſt part, when the *Doge* and all the Court's abroad, but Turn-keys and Bed-makers: he will watch you a Twelvemonth to pick up Papers that drop from Senators and Ladies, though torn in pieces for the worſt of uſes; and has a Frame like a Bone-ſetter, to put thoſe diſjoynted fragments together; and when, with much labor, he has trac'd out the inſignificant Sence, Glories as much as a Countrey Parſon, that has found out a piece of *Hebrew*, to make an eaſie Text the harder.

Triv. Oh, I! he has all the mechanick parts of a Statesman: he's a notable Herauld too, an Antiquary, and Cabaliſt; and affects all thoſe conjuring Studies, that fools cannot eaſily judge of, and wiſe Men will not take the pains to enquire into. How do I long to ſee this fellow again!

Viſc. Miſtake him not; his company is not ſo cheap to ſuch hair-brain'd light fellows: unleſs you can pretend ſome great affair, or can raiſe his attention with ſome reverend Lye; he's as buſy, as if his Head were a Bee-hive.

Triv. I, as ſecret, as if his Mother's Confeſſor got him.

Viſc. And as formal, and full of ceremony, as if he was deſcended from one of *Moſes* his Gentlemen-Uſhers. But his principal Virtue is his love to Decency, and Order. As others at their Feſtivals, have their Lords of Miſ-rule; ſo he has his Muſter-maſters of the Moveables, and his Clerks of the Uniformity.

Triv. That's more than e'r I heard.

Viſc. If a Diſh comes up to his Table out of its rank and file, he will eat no more meat that day; if his Cheeſe be cut

awry, he is ready to cut his own Throat; his Stools and Chairs move like Chess-men; if one of 'em be remov'd by chance out of its walk, which his Servants know by privy Tokens; he is in a cold sweat, and never forgives the Malefactor. He turn'd away a Servant t'other day, for not making him three Legs, at his coming in; though he came to tell him his House was on fire. If he were call'd away in haste to Heaven, he would not stir a foot, till he had put on a clean Band, a pair of white Gloves, up to his Elbows, brush'd his Cloaths, and erected his Mustacho's.

[*Enter* Sforza *and* Intrigo, *walking together:*
Trivultio *and* Visconti *spy them,*

Yonder's *Intrigo* with the Count.

Triv. I, and he walks as stately as an affronted Turky-cock. As sure as I live, the *Doge* has spoke to him, if it were but to call him Rogue or Rascal, or bid him stand out of the way.

Visc. He takes no notice of us, because he thinks he's in better company. *Your servant Signior* Intrigo.

[Intrigo *nods like a Grandee.*

Scarce to be spoke with! Let's hearken a little.

Int. Pshaw! the loss of *Candia* was inconsiderable; a Plot of the Grand Council, to betray the *Turks* into a greater security: O'my knowledge, a meer Trap. But do you hear the news?

Sfor. What, Sir, I beseech you?

Int. Marry, Sir, the Great *Doge* of *Venice* yesterday morning and no longer since, about eight of the clock, in a most admirable grave, prudential Temper, put on a pair of great French Pantaloons.

Sfor. Is't possible! but what will the people say of these innovations?

Int. I'marry, Sir, that's the worst on't. I'm afraid (under the Rose) pray let it go no farther, 'twill breed no good Bloud with the ill-affected. An high point of the Prerogative, to alter the sumptuary Laws, without advice of the Senate. There

are ſome perſons about his Highneſs———Well, I'll ſay no more; yet, if it appears to be done, with the approbation of the Grand Council, I warrant you 'tis an Hieroglyphic that imports ſomething.

Sfor. Not otherwiſe———

Int. What did *Ageſilaus* ride on a Hobby-horſe for, but to teach his Children Humility? What did *Auguſtus* lye with Senators Wives for? not for his Lechery, I warrant you; but to diſcover their Councils, as *Tacitus* ſays. Trivultio admirably has it.—O brave! do you ever think to be a Privy Counſellor, at this rate?—Well, *Trivultio*, I pity thee: thou haſt a great deal of Wit, but no Judgement at all.

Triv. Then I ſhould be a mad-man.

Int. Thou'lt never make a States-man.

Triv. I'm ſorry for't. But ſhall I ever make a Courtier?

Int. I'm afraid not. Let me ſee. Scarce tall enough; he muſt be a proper, ſtraight, or at leaſt, a ſtiff-going uniform Man, that undertakes that Province; elſe no hopes of him: he muſt ſtrive to be always in the Prince's Eye, and ſeen in a Croud.

Meaſures his height with his Hand or Cane.

Triv. Sejanus loſt himſelf with a pair of low heel'd Shooes.

Int. Very right, Sir: Moreover, give me leave to tell you, you underſtand not the language of the upper Sphere.

Triv. What's that, good Sir?

Int. Marry, Sir, under the Types of Balls, Playes, Hawking and Hunting, and ſuch ſmall matters, are comprehended the greateſt ſecrets of State: and you ſeldom hear Courtiers talking of any thing elſe.

Triv. That's true enough.

Int. And do you think Courtiers ſo ignorant, as a man would take 'em to be? by no means: they appear ſo only to deceive us: As for example; in the Parable of Hunting, Horſes ſignify Princes; Hounds, Soldiers; Foxes and Hares, Rebels and Sectaries; Gunners and Pochers, are Jeſuits: and if ever you chance to hear 'em talk of on old grave Man in the

the Field, with a great Montero Cap on, then you may ſwear the Pope has a hand in the buſineſs.

Triv. Bleſs us all! very ſtrange!

Enter Maſquerades upon the Piazza, *with all ſorts of ridiculous Diſguiſes.*

Int. Oh horrid! the ſcum of the Earth, the reproach of the Republick, an inundation of Vanity!

Triv. Well ſaid Boys, to him again; } *He offers to go away;*
theſe fellows know him as well as we. } *they puſh him to and fro*
Viſc. How properly they abuſe him! } *to keep him in.*

Triv. To him again long Noſe; this fellow will never outlive the Carnival; come, now let's away to *Cornanti's.*

[Intrigo *runs out from him.* *Exeunt* Trivultio *&* Viſconti.

After the ridiculous Habits, come in Ladies of all Dreſſes; and after them, Enter Parhelia *the* Doge's *Daughter, with* Aurana *and* Melinda, *with Attendants.*

Aur. But, in good earneſt, Madam, did you never acquaint the Count with your Paſſion, by words, or Meſſage?

Parh. Never; but now will I appear to him in Dreams and Viſions, and make him love by Inſpiration: I'll haunt him in as many ſhapes as a Spirit, that invites a Man to find out a hidden Treaſure: I'll try his Love, by all the Arts of Woman.

Mel. What needs that torture, Madam? Men on the Rack will ſtill out-talk the Truth; Swear, Lye, Blaſpheme, for preſent eaſe.

Aur. To your Guard, Madam; the Count comes up towards us, but our Gallants are fled.

Parh. That's as I would have it; clap on your Masks, and let's give him a broad ſide.

Sings

Sings a Song to the *Theorbo.*

Let us turn Uſurers of Time,
And not miſpend an hour;
The preſent, not the future's in our pow'r.
To think to ſpend what's not our own's a Crime.
He whoſe ſoft life's in mirth poſſeſt,
Enjoyes his time with intereſt.
Love, and a Muſe,
Brings Uſe on Uſe;
For Money's but the Slave, and Time the Meaſure,
And Wit the Handmaid, Love the Queen of Pleaſure.

Parh. Sir, if this rude addreſs may find from you,
Or Credit, or Excuſe, there is a Lady
Has oft wiſh'd you happy: whether through
Love to Juſtice, which would ceaſe to be ſo
Were ſhe not tributary to your Merits;
Or ſome kind ſecret Charm which ſtrongly ties
All unconcern'd Spectators to be partial,
I'll not determine: yet in all dubious ſports
As well as War, where Art and Courage rule,
She wiſh'd you ſtill victorious, and you prov'd ſo:
Therefore ſhe thanks you, for her joys receiv'd.
Sfor. Madam, did not my faith in you out-weigh
Th' opinion of my ſelf, and unbelief
Were not a greater ſin than arrogance;
I ne'r ſhould harbor ſuch a flatt'ring thought:
Yet had I dar'd to hope my abject Fortune
Could move the precious cares of a fair Lady;
Sure I had ſpurr'd Ambition, though I'de tir'd her.
Parh. If Paſſion's bitter Throes frail Women hide,
They ſilence Love through Modeſty or Pride.
My thoughts from ſuch accuſers are exempt.
This keeps off other's laughter, your contempt. (*Pointing to*
I ſhall no longer then ſuppreſs my fires: *her Maſque.*
Sublime Deſerts may juſtify Deſires.

If

If Love's a Vertue, 'tis by all Men known
Uſeful to ſhow, and Glorious to own:
If 'tis a Vice that Women ſhould deteſt;
Yet Crimes become leſs ſinful when confeſt. *Exit.*

Sfor. Methinks I find ſome Lightning pierce my Heart!
Heav'ns! what a Voice, a Wit, a Shape, an Air!
The Face is kept for nothing but deſpair,
And yet ſhe ſeems to love, but gives no hopes
Of ſeeing her unmasqu'd. Well, 'tis no matter
How a Man plays his Cards, if Women ſhew their Hands.
Oh I'm content ſhe may be ever veil'd;
My Heart's too narrow to contain more Love:
It will boil over like ſome flaming Mountain,
And burn the Vital Regions round about it.
Religion's veil'd in Types from vulgar Eyes;
None e're return'd to tell Celeſtial joys.
If Heav'n were left for ev'ry one to ſee,
Heav'n would be Hell, with too much company. *Exit.*

The SCENE Cornanti's *Houſe.*

Enter Bellinganna *and* Vigilia.

Bell. This *Trivultio* is a pretender to my Couſin *Aurana*;
He's a handſome young fellow, and talks well.
Vigil. And the other is *Signiora Melinda*'s Servant.
Bell. The very ſame.
Vigil. But I think their Miſtreſſes are kept up ſo cloſe,
That the Gallants are at liberty.

Enter Cornanti *furiouſly.*

Cor. Hell and Damnation! nothing draw out
But Airy Bankrupt, gawdy Butterflies,
The Apes of chattering *Frenchmen*, that boaſt
Of every Ladies favour they once ſaw,
Or once but heard of!
I'll ſtop your peep-holes, and your Jalouzies;
And here's my Juſtice for thy next offence. [*Shews his Dagger.*
Bell. Oh Heav'ns! be pleas'd to hear,

Cor.

Cor. I'll no more.,
Impudent Strumpet; ſtir not from thy Chamber,
Nor you from her, *Vigilia*: *Eunuch*, lock 'em in,
And guard the door; and you, *Jacomo*,
See that the Eunuch execute his charge.
Let no man enter upon pain of death,
But Father *Scrutinio* the Confeſſor, he may ſecure
Unſtable airy Minds, with ſtrong preſervatives
Of Holineſs, , and wiſely throw in Seeds
Of Virtue, pregnant Grounds to keep from Weeds.

Exeunt Bell. *and* Vigil. *the door ſhut upon them*

Knocking without. Enter Scrutinio *the Confeſſor.*

Oh, here comes the ſearcher for prohibited Goods.
Yet 'tis well, if this Confeſſion have not the effect of vomiting,
To make Men the more ravenouſly hungry afterwards.
Welcome, reverend Father, thrice welcome, and in ſeaſon.

Scrut. I'm glad, Sir, you are one of thoſe, that give our Coat
It's primitive eſteem: 'twill not be loſt, Sir,
'Twill not be loſt, nor unrewarded long.

Cor. I hope ſome years yet. [*Aſide.*
My Wife attends your Fatherhood within.
Oh, Sir, Confeſs her ſtrictly: there has been
Of late ſome ſecret practice, I can tell you, — } *Draws it out*
That ſhould not be.—May not a Husband have } *ridiculouſly.*
A little *Item*, or ſo, how things do go?

Scrut. Wicked, and blaſphemous! repent that thought.
In what ſtorms is this poor Man toſt, wanting
Religion's Ballaſt!

Cor. Oh what a feeble Fort's a Woman's Heart,
Betray'd by Nature, and beſieg'd by Art!
Oh repreſent the horror of the Crime;
Give Vice the darkeſt and the ugliеſt ſhade,
And put the Devil in a Maſquerade.

Scrut. Sir, we can add wry Mouths, and Horns, and Claws,
And Prayer-provoking Tails, as we ſee cauſe;
But, Sir, 'tis ſtrange you ſhould inſtruct me thus
In an employment ſo well known to us.

Is Jealousie than Conscience more severe?
My Duty less Religious than your Fear?

Cor. Well, 'tis enough Boy, guide the Reverend Father in.

Exit Scrut.

Well, now the Guards are set, the Garrison secure,
I'll go ramble, and enquire after this Purchase
Trivultio spoke of. Yet hold—not to *Trivultio*,
Lest he come hither again a visiting,
With a Pox to him: I'll treat with him by a Friend.
Hold again.—But if [*Offers to go, and stops.*
This secrecy be a Gallants highest quality,
To please the Femals, curb'd by Fear and Honor;
May not these Priests be held secure Offenders,
Whom fear of Death obliges to be silent?
Or, were there no such Law, why, then
They're Favorites of necessity; not choice,
Or Prudence: like to chief Ministers of State,
Who dive so far into their Masters Secrets,
'Tis dangerous to refuse to show 'em more.
Well, search no farther, Reason; Faith, take place:
Old Age and Piety resolve this Case. *Exit.*

The SCENE, *The* Piazza *of* St. Mark.

Enter Intrigo *and* Circumstantio.

Well, *Circumstantio*, now give account of the Message I gave you this morning, and all the memorable occurrences of your journey; but remember withal, that you must make your approaches regularly to your Betters, and in due form: not leap upon 'em, and take 'em by assault, or storm 'em.

Circ. Then, Sir, with due submission to your Honourable prudence.——

Int. Or rather thus. Striking sail to your intellectual Gravity.

Circ. Striking sail to your Hectical Gravity——

Int. Why, I hope it is no Disease, *Circumstantio*, but the most perfect state of mind.

Circ.

Circ. Why, did not your Worſhip bid me make my reproaches regularly to your Honor's Worſhip?

Int. Still erroneous. Well, go on to thy Meſſage.

Circ. Well then, Sir, going to go, according to your Worſhips Command, as much as to ſay, according to my Duty, as much as to ſay, to fetch the *Naples* Waſtcoats of Don *Henriquez* the *Spaniſh* Merchant; I had no ſooner got to the end of the ſtreet, but, as ſure as my Grandfather was at *Lepanto*, who ſhould I meet with but honeſt *Lorenzo*, Count *Sforza*'s Man, my old Comrogue; if your Worſhip chance to ſee him, he's a Red-headed fellow, and goes with his Hat turn'd up on one ſide, with a ſilver Button, and a brown Suit of Cloaths, a little out at the Elbows.

Int. Wondrous exact! [*Aſide.*

Circ. So in we went into a little Houſe, to take our mornings draught together; by the ſame token there was in the room we ſate in, an old Worm-eaten Cup-board, two Tables, with a greazy Curtain betwixt 'em, four Forms, and three Joyn'd-ſtools.

Int. Admirably punctual! He improves daily. [*Aſide.*

Circ. And on the Walls were decypher'd certain Warlike Inſtruments, like Cannons or Battering Rams, which I conceive to have been done with the ſmoak of a Candle.

Int. Alas! ſome antient Freſco-piece of a *Romane* Battel: I'll enquire farther of it. [*Aſide, ſhaking his Head.*

Circ. Our Liquor exhauſted, and our reckoning paid, out I went into the ſtreet again towards Don *Henrique's* as faſt as ever I could run, but, as ſure as my Grandfather was at *Lepanto*, who ſhould I meet with at the next turning, but a whorſon Chimny-ſweeper ——

Int. Well, *Circumſtantio*, I'm a little in haſte, I will diſpenſe with any farther occurrences: go on to the point, and give me an account of the *Naples* Waſtcoats.

Circ. Oh Lord, Maſter, are you mad, to interrupt me? why, then my ſtory's at an end; I cannot tell one ſyllable more, if I were to dye for't, unleſs I begin again, word for word.

Int. Nay, prithee proceed for once; I'm in haſte.

Circ. Why, I tell you 'tis impoſſible. Your Worſhip com-

manded me to forget no circumstances of my journey, and my Head is so full of 'em, and they are rang'd in such order, that, being once put out of it, I cannot speak one word more forwards, if I were to be hang'd.

Int. Believe it, I fear this admirable method turns to an infirmity. Well, we will rectify this at another time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scrutinio, Trivultio.

Scrut. I'm sorry, Sir, to find you so incredulous.
Were there no evidence of future Worlds,
Yet it were worth the while to wave a little
Th' uneasy sins of over-acted Life,
And play at Hazard for such high rewards.
Who would not stake a Cottage for a Kingdom?

Triv. Sir, there are few grow rich at Lotteries,
But those who keep 'em; yet I am all faith,
But cannot think that Nature prompts to crimes.
Would Heav'n make Laws on purpose to be broke?
Put Cats and Mice into a Chest of Glasses?

Scrut. Oh, Sir, forbear, forbear; in these dark points
The more we seek, the less we find:
Like Men that Hunt in wide and shady Forrests,
Pursue the Game till they have lost themselves.
In this deep Gulf, short Reason's Plummet cannot
Sound to the bottom, till by Faith 'tis lengthn'd.
But, Sir, set Faith aside; you are a Man
Of Honour, and of noble Bloud, you fear
To do an injury, more than take one?

Triv. I, were there no Religion.

Scrut. You would not
Defraud your neighbor of the meanest good?

Triv. No, not the least.

Scrut. And yet you'll take away the greatest.
Then do you think a Woman no great good?

Triv. No, faith, don't I.

Scrut. Not a Wife?

Triv. No, worst of all.

Scrut.

Scrut. Not a belov'd one, or a Miſtreſs?

Triv. That may require Reflexion.

Scrut. Then know you not the fair and young Wife of old Signior *Cornanti*.

Triv. I hope, if ſhe be ſo, he is too wiſe t'expoſe her to be known.

Scrut. Alas, who can be ſecure from inquiſitive Adultery? Did not you attempt her Honor?

Triv. Who, I, Sir,—What the Devil means this? [*Aſide.*

Scrut. Add not one ſin to another, by denying it: the circumſtances will convince you.

Triv. 'Tis true, Sir, I ſaw her at her Houſe this morning, and put the jealous Coxcomb her Husband into a cold ſweat; but, what more?

Scrut. Oh, Sir, deny it not, for Heaven's ſake. The truth of this was witneſs'd by her Tears. You came afterwards to her Window, which looks to the *Strada Nuova*, and gave her ſome Muſick.

Triv. Oh, are you there, Sir? I never did this; but it ſeems ſhe has a mind I ſhould do it. Rare Wench. [*Aſide.*
Well, Sir, 'tis a folly to deny ſuch manifeſt proofs

Scrut. Are you a man of Honor now, and Juſtice,
To catch at that which cannot be reſtor'd?
Oh, Sir, conceive the horror of the crime
If acted, doubly mortal.
The High-way Thief, that bids a man deliver,
Though valour, or ſome accident, frees th' aſſaulted,
By moſt of Humane Laws ſhall ſuffer death,

Triv. Lovers are rather, Sir, blind High-way Beggars,
That nothing ask, but what the Ladies in the Coach
Are able both, and willing to be rid of.

Scrut. Compare not Charity with vicious Love.

Triv. Lance me no farther, Father; I feel already
Moſt ſharp compunction, and beg the ſalve of Pennance.

Scrut. If you be ſerious, find me in my Cell:
I have diſcharg'd my Meſſage. *Exit.*

Triv. And an excellent one, y'faith, for thy Coat! Oh moſt Divine *Bellinganna*! this was a Maſter-piece; there is Lechery

ry in the very contrivance. As sure as I live, her Husband has so streightly confin'd her, that she can make use of no body else. A man had need to have his wits about him, in this quick-sighted Philosophical Age, wherein whoring is improv'd to a liberal Science, and deserves the consideration of a Society. I'll lose as little time as I can, but to the Window by and by towards the *Strada Nuova*. Oh! there 'tis. *Exit.*

Enter Sforza *walking alone.*

Sfor. The State decrees me Honors and Commands;
Nor want I wealth, the Dregs and Lees of Virtue,
Its grosest part, but that which keeps it working:
Fame is my waiting-Woman, every where so officious,
That she is troublesome; yet cannot I suppress
A new-born Passion, for an unknown Lady.
This Love usurps upon, and baffles all enjoyments else:
'Tis like Religion, or is a kind of one,
Which makes us dull and senseless to all other things;
While we are wrapt in splendid Contemplations:
And this Amour of mine is a high piece of Faith,
Unseen Perfections, undiscover'd Worlds!
I'm like the worst of Prodigals, that Sign to Blanks,
And blindfold pass Estates without all power
Of Revocation. Oh! these Passions
Are but the cracks and splinters of the Soul,
Shatter'd and bruis'd by some external Power,
Which might securely lye in its own Haven.
Mens minds, like Kingdoms, never so much flourish
As when they raise the price of Native Goods,
And set low values upon Forreign Wares.

Parnelia *appears at a Grill unmasqu'd, then she Masques her self, and speaks to him.*

Parn. Sforza. *Sforza.*

Sfor. Ha! A Woman's voice! *Starts.*

Parn.

Parh. I, and a Friend's: draw near;
Disdain becomes a Lover more than Fear.
Sfor. My Goddess too, I think; 'tis hard to know
Our Friends reveal'd; disguis'd, 'tis much more so.
Parh. If Actions more than Looks, the mind declare,
Then learn to love; but who 'tis, take no care.
Sfor. Madam, the Eye as well as Ear, would feast:
Carve not for one alone, but every Guest:
Or, if some wait, yet Love would see at least.
Parh. Why shouldst thou think that pleasure to confine
Which all Men that have Eyes, must share with thine?
The beauty of the Soul's the ground of Love,
And her Ideas, in the face do move:
For no Man is to White and Red inclin'd;
But to the Air, the Picture of the mind:
Then, if the Soul will show it self as clear
Without the Face, her weak Interpreter;
Sure he is wise that with the Sov'raign Treats:
Courtiers and Mediators oft prove Cheats.
Sfor. The Soul, with all her Maids and Spies,
Comes down to Dance, and Revel in the Eyes;
And shall we trust the Tongue, the falsest part
In Woman-kind, next to the Heart?
Parh. I scorn to be ador'd the vulgar way:
If fair, I you; if foul, my self betray.
But hope the best, true Love will pass a Veil:
Your Faith may save you, when your Works do fail.
Sfor. When the Soul grants what Reason makes her see,
That is true Faith, what's more's credulity.
Parh. Dispair more Souls, than does Presumption slay;
And Hope sends Men to Hell the sweeter way.
Sfor. Fight not so weak a Foe, and use a Shield:
You lye in Ambush; I, in open Field.
'Tis I that Fight upon unequal Ground.
Parh. 'Tis you that Fight, and can receive no Wound.
Sfor. Oh! I am wounded; but shall ling'ring dye:
Give me the blow of Mercy from your Eye.
[*One calls within.*] Madam.

Parh.

Parh. I'm call'd away, Farewel:
In th' afternoon you'll find me here again.

Sfor. Oh, admirable, Divine Perſon! Oh I am all on fire! If this Lady ſhould have an ill Face, to ſo excellent a Soul, it were the greateſt Cheat that ever was put upon the World. But, if it be ſo, 'tis in mercy to Mankind; an Antidote to her poiſon, as moſt deſtructive Creatures carry with them:
Or elſe the World would be deſtroy'd once more;
Now, by her Flames, as by the Waves, before. *Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Trivultio, and *Boy*.

THis is the backſide of *Cornanti's* Palace, and this his Ladies Chamber Window the Confeſſor ſpoke of. There is no failing of Women at their critical minutes, if you do, they'l hate you ever after, and think you want vigor, or apprehenſion. Counſels in Love, like Stratagems in War, are to be taken on the ſuddain, when you find the Enemy in diſorder, or your own Men fitteſt for action. I'll give her a Song; but none of your whining Ditties to Women of experience. Boy, play the Tune I told you of.

The Boy Plays, and Bellinganna *appears at the Window,* Vigilia *her* Duegna *in a Veil and Muffler peeping after her.*

Bell. Tis *Trivultio.*

Boy *or* Trivultio *Sing.*

CUpid, I ſcorn to beg the Art
From thy imaginary Throne;
To learn to wound anothers Heart,
Or how to heal my own.
If ſhe be coy, My Airy Mind
Brooks not a Siege: if ſhe be kind,
She proves my Scorn, that was my Wonder;
For Towns that yield I hate to plunder.

Love

Love is a Game, Hearts are the Prize,
Pride keeps the Stakes, Art throws the Dice:
When either's won
The Game is done.
Love is a coward, hunts the flying Prey;
But, when it once ſtands ſtill, Love runs away.

Enter Intrigo.

Int. Ha! now ſhall I find one of his Miſtreſſes Lodgings, and be reveng'd of him for his Dilapidations. Truſt me, 'tis the backſide of *Cornanti's* Palace. A brave Lady indeed.

Bell. [*Looking out.*] A very indifferent Lover! What, *Trivltio* attempting the Honor of a Senator's Wife? Here's a penitential Note for you.

[*Throws down a Paper and retires.*

Triv. Bleſt Viſion, ſtay a little. She's gone: but that's her Body, here's her Soul. [*Takes up the Letter and opens it.*

My Husband fears no Devils but your White ones: therefore for the ſecurity of his Perſon, he has juſt now ſent out his ſervant *Jacomo*, to buy a Negro Slave: put your ſelf into that Colour and Habit, and find means to be ſold to him, and you ſhall be aſſur'd of a kind Reception.

Ha! a Negro Lover? for ought I know to abuſe me. I'll not leave my ſelf wholy to your diſcretion, Madam, for all my great Paſſion; I'll find a cleanlier way than that, ſure; Let me ſee: I'll ſend for the old Goſſip that appear'd at the Window, and corrupt her: there's none of 'em proof againſt ten *Checquins*; and *Sforza* has ſupply'd me with Money enough. How Sanctify'dly ſhall I look in a long Veil and a Chin-cloth!

Boy. Oh, Sir, I know a Chare-woman that haunts the Houſe every day.

Triv. Send her away preſently, and let her promiſe the *Dueg-na* ten *Checquins* to come to my Lodging. In the mean time will I go ſee what divertiſement the Church affords, where I ſhall

meet all the good company. I love to ſhoot at a whole Covey at once; ten to one but ſome drop.

Trivultio *puts his Note towards his pocket, and drops it, and* Exit *with his Boy.* Intrigo *comes and takes it up, and reads it to himſelf.*

Int. What a Jewel is here neglected by this idle young fellow! no wiſer than *Æſop's* Cock. Oh the giddineſs of theſe Kickſhaw-Gallants! 'tis a high point of Wiſdom to take occaſion by the forelock: take heed of her bald Pate as long as you live. I muſt not let this ſlip however. *Exit.*

The SCENE, *A Church, full of Ladies.*

Enter Parhelia, Aurana, *and* Melinda, *walking.*

Mel. Your Courting the Count in a Maſque, is the whole Town-talk.

Aur. And every body's gueſſing who you are.

Parh. And no body right I hope.

Aur. I'm ſure we ſuffer for't, and could hardly get leave to come to Church to day.

Parh. Alas, poor priſoners; I'm in perfect freedom.

Aur. But do you hear how *Cornanti* guards my poor Couſin *Bellinganna*?

Parh. I hear from her hourly. But hark you *Melinda*, ſhall I ask you a hard queſtion? will you lend me your Gallant for an hour or two, for a deſign I have?

Mel. Content, Madam.

Parh. I am inform'd Count *Sforza* will be here preſently. In this new Habit 'tis impoſſible to know me: I'll pretend to be another Woman, and try his conſtancy.

Mel. What a pretty device will that be!

Parh. I'll leave you, that he may not gueſs me by my company. *Puts on her Maſque, and ſlips into the croud.*

Enter

Enter Visconti: *comes up to* Melinda.

Visc. Madam, well met.
Must I owe this to Fortune, or Design?
Mel. Oh, Sir, Devotion brings unthought of Blessings,
But happinesses here on Earth are short.
We have spies upon us:
As their Devotions end, so must our Conference.
Visc. Ah my dear Saint, these fleeting Heav'nly Visions
Serve but t' increase our pains by their privation:
A broken Interview
Is worse than absence which may quench desire:
This serves to blow up, not enjoy the Fire.
Raising a Passion, leaves us to its fury;
There's no such torment as too short a joy.

Enter Trivultio, *and comes up to* Aurana.

Mel. The sweetest Meats are the most apt to cloy
But I have found out an expedient:
My Father has been inquiring out a French Master for me;
Disguise your self presently like one, and come and offer your service to him: 'twill take my life for't.
When you have got free admission to our House.
The Princess *Parhelia* desires your assistance
In some of her affairs.
Visc. I'll about it strait.
Aur. Such swarms of Beauty fill this Carnival,
That you must needs be stung that are so ventrous.
I am too happy that I hear no more
Your frolicks nor your flatteries at my Window.
Triv. I hate to see our Mistresses at Grates
Look like coop'd Chickens piping for their Meat,
Or like poor Prisoners, begging for an Alms.
And Lovers in the Streets, like helpless friends
Who may uncharitably entertain 'em

With a diſcourſe of their miſeries,
But muſt not lend a farthing to their Purſe.

Aur. 'Tis Men that are the Canting Mimic Beggars,
Whoſe Art, not Miſery, attracts relief.
I've ſaid too much, *Trivultio*, we're obſerv'd. [*Turns away.*

Triv. Whither ſo faſt?

Aur. I cannot chuſe but love this young fellow, for all his indifference: I love a Man that knows how to value his own Sex, and cheapen ſlight-wrought Woman.

Triv. Here are Riches, but Marriage attends it: a Golden Trap. My free-born Genius moves for *Bellinganna*. Lying with another Man's Wife, is like invading an Enemies Countrey: there's both Love and Ambition in't; 'tis an enterprize fit for a great Spirit.

Enter Viſconti *and* Sforza, *who comes up to* Trivultio.

Sfor. Heigh ho! What a Stream's here!
I wonder much what makes theſe Females ſo devout;
Is it their Fear or their Credulity?

Triv. Oh, no. Two other Graces: Pride and Lechery.
I wonder more that Men, who ſcarce allow them Souls,
Will give 'em leave to croud into our Churches,
Where they have as ill an effect as fine ſtrangers
In *Grammar-Schools*: for, though the Boys keep on
Their hum-drum ſtill, yet none of 'em mind
Their Leſſon for looking about 'em.

Viſc. Oh, Sir, this is the great Market of Matrimony:
Here 'tis begun, made up, and broken too.

Triv. Matrimony! for Heaven's ſake name it not.
I do not love to hear the ſound of Fetters.

Sfor. Oh, pray let's humour him a little, I think indeed the ſtrictneſs of it was but a kind of juggle, betwixt the Women and the Fryars.

Triv. True, Such a deviliſh thing could never have been found out elſe. 'Twas worſe than the invention of Gunpowder; and 't has alter'd the courſe of Love, more than the other has done of War.

Viſc.

Viſc. Imparity of Minds is worſe than Bodies:
And which two are of the ſame mind for ever?

Triv. I, or at any time. If People love well, there needs no Marriage to confine 'em; if not, 'tis cruelty to couple two churliſh diſagreeing Curs, and ſin not to unlooſe 'em. I would not uſe my Dogs ſo. True; Men are chain'd in Gallies, Horſes bridled, and Oxen yoak'd to work:
For ſlaviſh Offices and things ungrateful,
Conſtraint is neceſſary, but for the Sweets of Love,
To have a Task impos'd; t'have Men, like hir'd Town Bulls,
Made amorous by force, and beating to't!
Do Men chain up themſelves at Dinner to their Tables?
Or do they Hunt, or Bowl, or Dance in Shackles?
If Marriage is a ſport, confinement makes it leſs;
If 'tis a work, are drudgeries the better for being endleſs?

Parhelia, *Masqu'd, comes up to* Sforza.

Parh. Sir, if you pleaſe to withdraw into this private Chappel, I ſhall acquaint you with a thing that may concern you. *They withdraw.*

Triv. So, faith, he's engag'd, the Lord knows with whom; whether my Miſtreſs, or another Man's Wife, no matter. The World runs round, and I'll be behind hand with none of 'em, But I muſt ſlip away to the old Woman. *Exit.*

Viſc. Another Familiar! Let me ſee, Who may this be? or who may it not be? O'my conſcience, this credulous Man of Honor, will have his Throat cut, by one of theſe Curtezans. [*Looks nearer.*

Parh. to Sfor. Sir, your accompliſhments have wearied Fame,
Employ'd Men's Tongues, and Ladies Hearts; you keep
A correſpondence with all Female Breaſts;
Yet ſome deſerve that influence more than others:
And how can they deſerve 't, that are aſham'd
Of their defects, and dare not ſhow themſelves?
Sir,, your Adventure's blaz'd about the Town,
Your meeting ſince, and with you know not whom:
Your Prudence ſuffers in't, and others Paſſions;

Amongſt

Amongst them, mine. I'll be as free in all things,
As she's reserv'd: I'm jealous of your Fairy,
And am resolv'd to break all her Inchantments,
If Beauty, Place, or Riches can uncharm you
Equal to hers I'm sure. Your Eyes shall be
My Judges, 'fore you sleep *Exit.* Sforza *following:*
Visconti *stops him.*

Visc. What does she say to you?

Sfor. I'll tell you presently.
Let me go. Death, now is she lost in the croud!

Visc. Let her go, with a pox to her; she'l come again, when the fit's upon her. Look, look, here's a pretty Woman, without a Mask.

Sfor, Thou hast undone me. [*Walks a turn or two melancholly.*
Now am I like a Partridge betwixt two hooded Hawks,
Peck'd at by both, and kill'd out-right by neither
I fare like to some guiltless Great one
Whom arm'd, injustice brings to his destruction,
By Executioners in Vizors tortur'd,
Asham'd, or fearful, of the impious Act. (*Persians.*

Visc. You'll rather dye the death of Tub'd and pickl'd
With Honey first anointed, then Fly-blown to another World.
These Masquerades are all Trapans and Cheats:
It is the Cause, not pain, that makes the Martyr;
I ne'r had lov'd, had I not view'd *Melinda.*

Sfor. I grant she's lovely; but she's to be seen.
Tell me of Angels, those are my Amours:
Those things are mean, are forc'd to court the Eyes,
The Porters of the Soul, to give 'em entrance.
Give me the Charms that enter without knocking;
The intellectual Graces, that, like Lightning,
Pierce, and inflame the Soul, before they 're seen. *Exeunt.*

The

The SCENE, Cornanti's *Houſe.*

Intrigo *like a* Moor, Eunuch.

Eun. Here, will you play at Cards? [*Shews him Cards.*
Will you play at *Mora?* [*Opens his Hand, and throws out his Fingers.*
This fellow's no better company than one of my Maſter's Statues. A murrain of this jealouſie, we ſhall never have but Mopes and Owls in our Houſe.

Enter Trivultio *like the* Duegna, *with a Muffler on.*

Oh, are you come? then my Lady may come forth.
[*Runs and opens the door for his Lady*

Enter Bellinganna.

Bell. Oh, *Vigilia*, how does thy ſwell'd Face?

Triv. Something better, Madam, with a Medicin I had from the *Speciale.* (*Curtſying.*)

Intr. May not this be an occaſion Adæquate, or Quadrating to my Deſigne? She is never to be ſpoke with, without her *Duegna*; and if ſhe over-hears, they are all one. [*Aſide.*
Oh, Madam, 'tis I. [*Coming cloſe to* Bellinganna.

Bell. Who are you?

Intr. Oh, 'tis I, 'tis I, 'tis more diſcreet not to name *Trivultio.* [*Aſide.*

Bell. Which of the I's? there's many of the name, Sir.

Intr. 'Tis I my ſelf.

Bell. Better and better: but who are you your ſelf?

Intr. Oh, Madam, I tell you 'tis I my ſelf; who ſhould it be elſe? Your Beauty is the cauſe of my preſent deformity.

Bell. Well, Sir, I'm ſorry I could not contrive a better diſguiſe; my Husband is ſo extreamly careful of my converſation, a leſs would not have blinded him.

Triv. So, ſo, y'faith, the next word is into the Bed-chamber; But I'll forbid the Banes. [*Aſide.*

Intr.

Intr. Madam, to my Conception, this Diſguiſe is a moſt prudent Veil for illicite Love.

Bell. Methinks *Trivultio* talks a little idly:
Pray Heaven he have the Wit I fancied. [*Aſide.*

Intr. And, withal, let me tell you, Madam, under the Roſe, (pray let it go no farther) you are not the firſt Lady, whoſe Secrets I have participated; and, though I ſay it that ſhould not, manag'd with circumſpection and taciturnity.

Triv. Ha, ha, he! Under the Roſe! nay then I ſmell a Rat. Oh, I ſhall burſt with laughing. —— [*Aſide.*
Madam, methinks this Man looks not like *Trivultio.*

Bell. *Trivultio*! why *Trivultio*? [*Seems ſtrange.*

Triv. Why, Madam, you walk not in the dark to me. Did not you invite him by your Confeſſor?
'Twas a pretty invention.

Bell. Ay me! Nay, if theſe Confeſſors betray us, what will become of us poor Women: But who could have thought this Man of Heaven could have pick'd out the meaning of an amorous Meſſage?

Triv. And did not I ſee you throw down a Note to *Trivultio.*?

Bell. I, to abuſe him.

Triv. I take it very unkindly, that I, that have been employ'd by you, upon ſo many difficult occaſions, ſhould now be left out. Turn out your Black, that we may talk more freely.

Bell. Pray, Sir, ſtay without, and have a little patience.

Int. Patience, Madam! there lies my Talent. I have waited ſeven years for the kiſs of a fair Lady's Hand, and when it came, 'twas with her Glove on too. *Exit.*

Bell. Oh admirable!

Triv. God b' ye, good patient Pack-Horſe.
Well, Madam, you ſent for *Trivultio*, it ſeems; but ſuppoſe he were here, would you not diſcover him to your Huſband?

Bell. No, indeed: I would employ him about ſome buſineſs; but, it may be, not ſuch as he imagines. He ſhall have free Ingreſs and Regreſs: that's as much as a civil Woman can ſay.

Why

Triv. Why then here he is. [*Pulls off his Diſguiſe.*

Bell. Trivultio here and there too!
May I believe my ſenſes?

Triv. The very ſame.
How could I think you lov'd an *Æthiop*?

Bell. Oh, any ſhape that carried you within it [*Drollingly.*
But where's the old Serpent, whoſe Skin you wear?

Triv. At my Lodging.

Bell. Oh the crafty old Quean! you paid her well for this. Who would have thought this wild fellow would have come upon ſo ſlight an invitation! But I'll make uſe of the occaſion, for my Couſin *Aurana*'s ſake, and to plague my Husband for his jealouſie. [*Aſide.*
And who's this Black?

Triv. Oh, I ſhall dye!—Oh, 'tis I, 'tis I [*Laughs.*
'Tis he himſelf, indeed, Madam; the firſt of the name. An Original. Who ſhould it be elſe?

Bell. Oh, I know him: the Stateſman and the Courtier! [*Laughs.*

Triv. And the moſt peerleſs Coxcomb that ever Nature made, or Art improv'd; but how he came hither in this reverend Form I was deſign'd for, I cannot gueſs; unleſs it were by inſtinct to be jear'd.

Bell. 'Tis ſtrange, unleſs my Husband ſent him for a ſpy.

Triv. No, no, 'twas his deſtiny: no conceited trick could ſcape him.

Bell. Put on your Veil, and call him in. [*Calls him in.*

Re-enter Intrigo

Come hither, Sir; why do you injure your ſelf ſo much, by concealing your name? your grave and wiſe deportment, ſpeaks you to be an excellent perſon, whom Fame has made known to me, by the name of *Intrigo.*
No Clouds can keep the Sun from ſhining through 'em.
How could your Parts and Prudence be obſcur'd?

Thoſe Eſſences betray you.

Int. Well, Madam, that you may not think your Favours miſ-plac'd, I will not ſay I am the perſon you ſpeak of, but never a man in *Italy* could have manag'd this deſign with ſo much dexterity, as the perſon you wot of: and, now I have ſaid ſo much of him, I muſt beg your pardon, I ſhall ſay no more.

Bell. You're a modeſt Man, Sir. Well, you are better read in Women, than to doubt my kindneſs to you. But this kind of Amours muſt be manag'd with much Prudence, Circumſpection, and Taciturnity.

Int. Taciturnity! my own words! 'Tis a ſigne ſhe likes e'm [*Aſide.*

Bell. Here is my *Duegna*, without whoſe conſent we can do nothing. The greateſt tye upon her ſecrecy, will be to make her party to the crime: make your addreſſes to her firſt, and oblige her with your Love. You know the Out-works muſt be taken, before the main Garriſon: when that's done, I will not ſay you ſhall command me, but I leave you to gueſs it.

Int. Oh, Divine Madam. *Malvezzi*, nor *Paruta* could not have deliverd a more Political Precept. Let me alone for this Province. Now the God of Love and Prudence aſſiſt me.

Comes up to Trivultio, *and waits on him out moſt ceremoniouſly.* Bell. *follows.*

Scene, Grimani's *Houſe.*

Aurana, Melinda: *two* Duegna's *attending them.*

Aur. With much ado I got leave to make this viſit. Well, let us make the beſt uſe of our time, ſince our Fathers let us be together ſo ſeldom. How goes it with thy Heart, ſweet Couſin, Does thy Lovers go true to't?

Mel. As punctually as two Watches that are ſeldom wound up together.

Aur. My Couſin *Bellinganna* has juſt now ſent me word to come to her Houſe, where I ſhall meet my wandring dear *Trivultio*, and fix him.

Mel.

Mel. How comes he there?

Aur. Nay, I know not.

Mel. And I'll tell you ſomething more: we muſt all meet at the *Doge's Villa*; whence, if we ever part uncoupled, may oportunity never favour Fleſh and Bloud again.

Aur. Right; we are no frozen Lovers here in *Italy*. In luke-warm *England*, they'l ſlabber, kiſs, make Love like Cats at midnight, break Gold, promiſe, contract, and ſometimes ne'r enjoy, or Marry ſeven years after.

Mel. I, I, they'l ſit at dinner when their Meat is cold: *Italian* Stomachs ſcarce will ſtay for Grace.

Aur. Indeed I have heard 'em ſay, they're an odd ſort of puling people in thoſe parts, though they're ſomething mended of late years.

Enter Grimani, *and* Viſconti *like a* Frenchman.

Mel. Now, Couſin, to let you ſee I'm as forward as you can be, do you know this Genleman? a *French* Maſter of mine.

Aur. Ha, ha, he: *Viſconti*! how odly he looks!

Grim. Well, *Mounſou*, what wind brought you into theſe parts?

Viſc. De natural inclinaſeeon dat me have had from a Shilde to ſee de Vorld, and de Payes Eſtranger.

Grim. Very good. Of other Nations, none travel but rich Men, but the *French* go a begging all over the World, and live better than at home.

Viſc. Me have ver good Eſtate in *France*, but me had de mal heur, to have a kerelle wid meen Couſin Germain, and had de good fortune to wound him dangerouſly wid de Boutevilles truſt, Comme ſa! (*Fences with his Arms.*) So me is retiré for a littel, and in de mean teem, me do chercher de condiſeeon.

Grim. A true *Frenchman*; for at their firſt acquaintance, they will tell you all the Quarrels, and all the Claps that ever they had, and ſhow their Wounds in any part.——*Aſide.* Well, *Mounſou*, beſides the ſpeaking your own natural

Language, what are the qualities you are good at?

Viſc. Oh, me be good at de many ding; me can make de Perukes.

Mel. This ſpeaks my Maſter a Man of Quality.

Viſc. Me can ſing as well as de *Eunuch Italien.*

Grim. I would he were one too, then I might ſecurely admit him into my Family.——— [*Aſide.*

Well, what elſe *Mounſou*?

Viſc. Oh, me can Fence, reed de great Oarſe, me is good Barbier, good Cuiſinier, good Button-makere; and in caſe de neceſſité, me can mend de Breeſhes, de Stockings, and de Ladies Cowns.

Grim. Oh the Monſter! from riding the Great Horſe, to Footing of Stockings! theſe travelling *Frenchmen* are like their Pottages, made up of every thing.

Aur. He Acts it rarely!——— [*Aſide.*

Mel. But, *Mounſou*, methinks all theſe good qualities ſhould maintain you in cleaner Linnen.

Viſc. Oh, de Nobleſs de *France* never put on de under Shirt but once in de halfe year; but for de Jentileſſes dat appeare, de clean Sleeve, and de clean Crevat, every oder month. *Exeunt.*

The Scene, Cornanti's *Houſe.*

Enter Cornanti, Jacomo, Intrigo.

Cor. Where had you this Black?

Jac. I bought him at the *Porto Santo*,

Cor. Methinks he is a better favour'd *Moor* than ordinary.

Jac. I, Sir, his Noſe is not ſo flat as moſt of theirs, and he has not altogether ſuch a black Moſſy Pate.

Cor. I like him never the better for his good Features: but ſpeaks he not our Language?

Jac. Not a word, Sir.

Cor. Oh, then 'tis well enough. But, a pox, theſe ſtraitchin'd *Moors* will make plaguy ſigns to a Woman. Didſt thou ever hear him ſpeak?

Jac.

Jac. I, and underſtand him too.—My Maſter, I'm ſure, ſpeaks no *Moriſco*; I'll paſs for a Learned Man. [*Aſide.*

Cor. How didſt thou come to learn their Language?

Jac. Oh, Sir, I was a Slave fourteen months at *Algiers.* I was taken in Cavalier *Strozzi's* Ship, about twenty years ago, and learn'd their Language ſo perfectly, that I was made Interpreter to the Ambaſſadors that came to the Governor. Oh, Sir, you ſhall hear. Have at you, Sir..

Andiboron hoblicon hu.

Int. Now for ſome hard words or I'm undone.

[*Aſide pauſing.*

Tirenatum tenoch comti.

Cor. What's that now?

Jac. Why, marry Sir, I told him, that you ſaid he ſhonld be well us'd; and he made an anſwer, that ſhew'd a great deal of Reſpect, but little manners: in fine, 'tis a great compliment in their Countrey.

Cor. Come, come, what is it?

Jac. Why, Sir, the Sence of it is, He takes it to be an Honor to be employ'd in your moſt contemptible Offices.

Cor. Come, you're a Rogue: this is no humane Language; but the Dialect of the *Barbary* Stallions. Say that over again.

Jac. Dilloron loſicon hu.

Cort. You Rogue you, that's not the ſame.

Jac. Pox o' this dull memory of mine.

[*Aſide ſcratching his Head.*

'Tis very near the ſame, Sir. I confeſs I cannot now ſpeak it ſo well; but never a man in *Italy* underſtands it better.

Cor. You're a bold Knave, Sirrah. I'll go in, to my Wife, and bring her to ſee her new Servant. *Exit.*

Int. This Steward, be like, is a grave well-Letter'd Man. He was Interpreter to the King of *Algiers.* Upon ſecond thoughts, he muſt needs know that I ſpeak not good *Moriſco.* Now is the Critical time, in the abſence of his Maſter, to bribe him to ſilence. Pray Sir, come near, here's ſomething for you. [*Shows him a handful of Money.*

Jac. Oh Lord, all Languages! this is ſure the Devil himſelf. [*Trembles and ſtarts.*

Nay,

Nay, I ſee his cloven Foot too. [*Begins to run away.*

Int. This fellow's going to tell.

Runs after & catches him. Jacomo *trembles.*
Intrigo *offers him Money again.*

Jac. Indeed, good Signior *Diavolo.*
I dare not take it; for I am afraid I muſt give a Note under my hand for't, I have heard of many a good Soul loſt by that means. [*Trembles.*

Int. Come, come, I am no ſuch perſon as you take me for: I am come hither, as many Heroes have done, upon a certain Politick, private account, or rather (under the Roſe) Amorous one.

Jac. Indeed your Worſhip has got a very fine wooing Face. I gueſs who this may be. (*Aſide.*) Well, if the Devil will make a man a Preſent, without a dangerous condition, I know not what ſhould hinder him to take it. [*Looks upon him, and takes heart. Takes the pieces.*
Theſe are not Air neither, there is Fleſh, and Bloud, and Bones in 'em. Well, I will cut one piece of knavery into two pieces of honeſty. Firſt, I will take his Money, and let him make my Maſter a Cuckold: that's a valuable conſideration; there's my Juſtice. Then will I dutifully acquaint my Maſter with it: there's my Fidelity. (*Aſide.*) Well, Sir, I'll do your buſineſs for you. I thought indeed your Worſhip did not ſpeak good *Moriſco.* [*Laughs.*

Enter Cornanti *and* Bellinganna.

Cor. Come, Wife, how do you like the countenance of your new Servant?

Bell. 'Tis hard to read a Book that Nature has ſo blotted: His Soul, I hope, is white and innocent..

Cor. It were not amiſs to take the Latitude of his Capacity by his experience of our Faſhions. Show him the Glaſs.

[Jac *brings a Glaſs.* Intr. *looks in't.*

Jac. Your Negroſhip is rarely well adjuſted.
You want nothing but a white Perwig:

Oh,

Oh, 'twould ſet off your ſweet *Weſtphalian* Hogs-face.

{ Intr. *looks for his Face o'th back ſide of the the Glaſs; and does many Apiſh things.*

Oh, do you want your ſcurvy Wainſcot chops?
I, there they are, my pretty ſweet Baboon.

Int. You might uſe ſome moderation in your abuſes.

[Intr. *whisp. to* Jack.

Jack. You look like an Aſs, and you don't love to be told on't. [*Whiſpering.*

Cor. What's that he ſays? the poor fool's afraid I ſhould underſtand his Gibberiſh.

Jac. Truly, Sir, I am afraid your Worſhip and my Lady will be offended with me, if I tell you.

Cor. No, no.

Jac. Will you not indeed?

Cor. Upon my Honor I will not.

Jac. Why, then, Sir, he asks what Devil that is that ſtands by you, meaning my Lady.

Cor. Oh the innocent wretch!

Jac. Sir, in their Countrey the Devil's painted White, and their Beauties are all Blacks: you muſt excuſe his ignorance.

Cor. I, that I will, much rather than his knowledge. Come, come away, Wife. *Exit with his Wife.*

Jac. This Maſter of mine is one of the moſt prudent Cuckolds that I have known. He will ſtave it off a little longer. I wonder married Men do not more patiently ſubmit to deſtiny: for theſe ſame Lovers will invent ſtratagems; and thoſe are more talkt of, than the feat it ſelf; nay, they are writ of to Poſterity, when many thouſands of eaſy Cuckolds ſleep in their Graves forgotten. *Exit.*

Enter Hircanio *and* Trivultio.

Hir. Have you acquainted your Lady with my paſſion for her?

Triv. So; y'faith, here has been tampering with my Predeceſſor.—(*Aſide.*) I, I, Sir, and ſhe receives it very wel l.

Hir.

Hir. Has ſhe appointed a meeting?

Triv. Not yet, Sir; but I'll go in and ask. If ſhe is kind to him, 'tis more than I could obtain for my ſelf. *Exit.*

Hir. So, ſo; ſhe will open to the Golden Key. Oh the happy fortune!

Re-enter Trivultio.

Triv. She will meet you this afternoon, in General *Moccenigo*'s Wilderneſs, in the Walk of Statues; but you muſt bring your Paſsport along with you.

Hir. I underſtand thee: I'll preſent her nobly. *Exit.*

Triv. Farewel, Sir.

Enter Bellinganna.

Bell. Was there ever ſuch an old Goat as this *Hircanio*?

Triv. Was there ever ſuch a frolique Saint as *Bellinganna*! [*Pulls off his Veil.*
Why do we dally thus with ſacred opportunity?

Bell. Oh, Sir, I will ſerve you another way.
You have a Paſſion for my Couſin *Aurana*,
A rational deſire at leaſt: ſhe's rich.
My Husband's gone out, and will not be back a great while, and your Miſtreſs will be here preſently: put off all this ugly Habit, and appear like your ſelf. I hear the laſt time you were at the Church, you talk'd very coldly to her; now Court her with the Paſſion ſhe deſerves.

Triv. What a Witch have I made of my ſelf, to no purpoſe! Would I were hang'd if I grow not weary of theſe Fatigues of Fornication. Well, I'll take her counſel: Marriage is convenient. If my old humour return again, a rich Wife makes an excellent Bawd.

The SCENE, *a* Street.

Four Arm'd Men, whereof Viſconti *is one, in his* French *Habit, ridiculouſly Arm'd.*

Viſc. The Princeſs *Parhelia* has ingag'd me here upon one of

of her froliques: and I cannot play the fool in a better Habit.

1 *Man.* Why, *Mounſou*, you are provided for a ſeven years War.

Viſc. How do me ken now but me muſt feeght wid de Regiment des *Eſpagniol*; and begar, me do deſeer to have de honeur of the firſt Sharge.

2 *Man.* Pray let him have it, for they ſeldom charge twice.

Viſc. Me have de natural Antipaty to des Spagnols, and de Milanees, de Sujets of de Roy d' Eſpagne, and me de love to chercher l' occaſion. Begar, dare is no man in de verld can feeght in de partees like a de French Academiſts, and de Metre Fence, and de Metre Dance, Francois. One Man will beat twantee. De agilité of de Hoarſe in de Academiſte, and of de Fout in de Metre Dance, and Metre Fence, Sa, Sa, here, dare: ſometime de grand Saut de recule, de pyroiſte, de caprioles; de animee can no tell how to level de Muskets, nor de Guns.

3 *Man.* I, *Mounſou*, I know he that kills a *Frenchman*, muſt ſhoot flying.

Viſc. I begar: den dare is an oder ding, to kill a man wid de good grace, de bonne mine, and de addreſs; 'twill doe good to de anemee to be kill ſo.

1 *Man.* Here comes *Sforza*: now we ſhall hear ſome of the Lovers Litany. [*Clap on their Viſors.*

Enter Sforza, *and knocks with his Key on his Hilt.*
Parhelia *appears, Maſqu'd, at the Window.*

Sfor. Still overcaſt? when will my Heav'n appear?

Parh. Oh, Sir, this Miſt will make the day more clear.

Sfor. I need not beg for flames t'increaſe my ſtore;
Yet Love is covetous, and would have more.

Parh. Is Love a Miſer? he ſhall feed his Eye:
Still look upon his wealth, but ne'r enjoy.

Sfor. Oh cruel Saint! that fatal voice revoke.

Parh. Then learn to hope for Fire, and Court the Smoak,
Beauty's the Book of Fate, Fear my intent:
'Tis better not to know, than not prevent.

Visc. De Diable is in dis Love; no ding but de feere, de flame, de smock, de wound, de death, and de Bougre de Lovere is ver vell, ver gay, fresh, frolick, and feel no pain in de vol verld! Ke Diable est Sa! [*They seize* Sforza *behind.*

Sfor. Villains stand off. [Visconti *flies back.*

Parh. Ai, Ai! [*Shrieks.*

1 *Man.* How now, *Mounsou*?-you have a natural Antipatee to the King of *Spain*'s Subjects, you dare not come near 'em.

Visc. Dat is ver true, me do keep my self for de Reserve, dat is de kalitee of de good Soldat.

2 *Man.* Oh, I know the reason now, de Spagnol cannot kill you wid de good grace.

1 *Man.* Stand still, or you're a dead Man.

Sfor. Slaves, Dogs.

Parh. Murder, murder, Help, help.

[Sforza *struggles to get his Sword, they disarm him.*

Sfor. Cowardly Slaves, give me but leave to fight. The odds shall make no difference. [*Chair brought in.*

1 *Man,* Into this Chair, Sir, quick: it is a mercy shew'd you.

Parh. Murder, murder, Help, help.

[Sforza *is carried off, they guarding the Chair.*

She unmasks, So, is he gone? I'll be with him presently, and *and Laughs* search him to the quick. How bravely *Visconti* perform'd his part! Little does *Sforza* know, what pains *Parhelia* takes to cheat him of the *Doge*'s Daughter. Woman scarce knows her self:

Then who can search the Mazes of a Heart
Where natural imperfection joyns with Art? *Exit*

Enter Circumstantio *and* Intrigo.

Cir. Mr. *Black*, you belong to some Nobleman of this quarter, did you not see my Master Signior *Intrigo* hereabouts.

Int. A new Trial! Pray Heaven he know me not. How should I know thy Master?

Circ. Oh every body knows him.

Int. However, 'twill be some delight to hear my own Character from a Domestick: *Germanicus* disguis'd himself in a Calfe-

Calfe-Skin to hear the commendations of his Soldiers, without offence to his modeſty.

Why, truly, when I was upon *S. Mark's*,
He was there too; we came away together:
But where he is now, you that are his Servant
Ought to know better than another. This is no lye now.

Cir. But pray, Sir, let me know; I have ſome earneſt buſineſs with him from the *Doge*'s Lock-ſmith, that makes his Keys for the Privy Garden, and the Anti-Cameras,

Intr. I'm overjoy'd I ſhall prevail for a Key; but this is no time to take notice of it. [*Aſide.*
Why, honeſt friend, poſſibly your Maſter is in cloſe Council with the *Doge*, or the Council of *Ten*; and therefore not to be ſpoke with.

Cir. Think you ſo indeed? I never knew any Man pretend to ſo much familiarity with the great ones, as he does: every morning our Houſe is full of under-Clerks and Door-keepers; and they get a world of Money of him, by feeding him with Lies, or impertinent Truths, by telling him how many Caps, and what Cloaths the *Doge* puts on every day; what he eats and drinks, and how many Stools he has.

Int. Your Maſters a diſcreet Man, I will not ſay wiſe and grave: you do ill to abuſe him.

Cir. What's that to you, Sir? I need none of your teaching, Goodman *Black*. 'Twas never a good World, ſince there were ſo many *Black-moors* and *Frenchmen* in the Nation.

Int. You're a ſaucy Knave, Sirrah.

Cir. Call me ſaucy Knave, who am chief Man to Signior *Intrigo*, you whorſon *Blackmore* Dog you! No, Sir, I'de have you know, though my Maſter be one of the ſimpler ſort of wiſe Men, yet, being his Servant, I'll take the Knave of ne'r a Man in *Italy*. Call me knave, you ſaucy Jack! [*Baxes him.*
Int. *ſhruging up his ſhoulders.* Poor *Circumſtantio*! yet he ſhows ſome reſpect to me in even his wrath: he glories in being my ſervant, and quarrell'd with me in my own behalf, to uphold my Honor.

These afflictions are incident to these great designs of going *Incognito.*

Cir. Incognito! do you steal my Master's words, you impudent Rascal you? my Honorable Master's own words? are such words fit for your mouth, you pitiful Rogue? have at you once more for your fine word *Incognito*, forsooth! *Incognito*, with a vengeance, *Incognito.* [*Beats him off.*

Exeunt.

The SCENE, Cornanti's *House.*

Enter Trivultio, Aurana, Bellinganna.

Triv. Ah, Madam, if my Sighs and Tears prevail not [*In a passionate posture.*

To expiate my last and fatal coldness,
That undissolving Frost in so much Sun-shine,
That blindness caus'd by such excess of Light;
Let Death the faithful services prevent
Of one unpardon'd, not impenitent.

Aur. Trivultio, how thou striv'st t' undo thy self!
You Act this part well; but your first's most natural.
All sudden Converts are to be suspected.
Maintain your Character:
Be constant to your self, if not to me.

Enter Hircanio *at a distance.*

Hir. I have watch'd my Cousin *Cornanti* out, and now is a good time to talk farther of my business to the *Duegna.* —— Ha! what Trade's here, my Daughter!

Bell. Come, Sir, we fear you not: this mettled Hern
Shall spoil your Falcon for any other Game,
And bruise his Wings. Your swellings and imposthumes
Must be cur'd by constant strong Revultions.
We'll open a great vein shall stop your heats,
And bleedings at the Nose.

Triv. Say you so, Madam?

Then

Then, faith, dear *Aurana*, I love thee to that deſperate extremity, that, if you'll take me in the humour, I am reſolv'd to undergo the ſcorn of all wiſe Men, and my own repentance, and ſneakingly ſubmit to that ſolemn Conjuring Cheat call'd Marriage; though my Reaſon kecks at it, and I ſhall certainly ſwoon at the ſight of a Prieſt.

Hir. Ha! what do I hear? as if this young fellow was to marry my Daughter? You impudent Slut, you, are theſe your harmleſs frolicks?

Aur. Ai me, my Father! [*Shrieks.*

Hir. Will nothing ſerve but Matrimonial Gambols? Come away with me, Huswife. Do you think to ſteal Procurators Daughters ſo eaſily? *Exit with* Aurana.

Triv. Oh, ſhe's loſt for ever.

Bell. I warrant you we'll retrive her.

Enter Cornanti, *peeping.*

Cor. Ha! *Trivultio*! have I caught the wild Beaſt in my toils? *Exit.*

Bell. How ſoon *Hireanio* forgot the errand he came about! In men of his age, their Avarice ſtarves their Love.

Enter Jacomo *and* Cornanti, *with a Sword ridiculouſly long, and a Target bigger then his Body. He ſtalks and looks toward* Trivultio.

Cor. Death and deſtruction, and a thouſand torments
Attend thy ſinful Carcaſs, thou Planet-ſtruck,
And mis-begotten Mortal! Have at thy lecherous Chine.
{ *Makes at* Trivultio *when his back is turn'd, who turns about, retires a little, takes up a Cuſhion, and makes him run back to the end of the Stage.*
'Sdeath, theſe Whoremaſters, the Devil's in 'em
At their Rutting time.
{ *He runs behind* Jacomo, *and puſhes him on, peeping over his Shoulder.*
Thou 'rt a Knave, *Trivultio*. ſtand to him, *Jacomo.*

Jac.

Jac. O Lord, Sir, I have never a Sword; but I'll talk to him. Thou 'rt a Knave, *Trivultio.* Stand to him Maſter.

{ *Runs behind* Cornanti, *and then* Cornanti *behind him, ſhifting two or three times.*

Cor. 'Slife, I think this Man of mine's an errant Coward.

Jac. Oh Lord, Maſter, I'm afraid of your Worſhip's Sword behind me, and would not take the Victory out of your hands.

Cor. 'Twould anger a Man to be a Cuckold, and be kill'd too. I'll go call for help. *Jacomo,* lock the door upon 'em.

[*Exeunt.* Jacomo *locks the door.*

Triv. Did you ever ſee ſuch Cowards! I'm ſorry I did not force my way out: but now the door's lock'd, what ſhall we do, Madam? ſhall I leap out of the Window?

Bell. No, the Barrs are too cloſe.

Triv. Or hide my ſelf? Can you find no way for your ſelf and me? Now for a Woman's Wit at a dead lift.

Bell, Put on your *Duegna's* Cloaths, quick, quick. Let's make haſte, his Bandogs live but at next door.

[*He catches up the Cloaths, and ſhe helps him.*

Triv. But, Madam, he'll know I can't get out of the room.

Bell. No matter, diſpatch. Now your Hoods and Muffler.

[*Noiſe at door.*

1 *Man.* We'll maul the Rogue.

2 *Man.* We'll make him ſure.

3 *Man.* No, take him alive, and kill him by degrees.

[*The door unlock'd.*

Enter Cornanti, *with half a dozen Neighbors: himſelf and* Jacomo *in the rear of them.*

1 *Man.* Where's the Rogue?

2 *Man.* Where's the Rogue?

Bell. What Rogue, Sir, what d'ye mean?

Cor. What, have you hid him, Witch?

Bell. There has been none but I, and my *Duegna* here theſe four hours.

Cor. That ſhall not ſerve your turn, ſeek in the *Alcove.*

{ *They ſearch within, and come back, then ſearch the Cloſets, Beds, and Trunks, and under them.*

Cor.

I'm ſure he could not get out here. [*Goes to the Window.*

Bell. Are you diſtracted: Sir? whom do you ſeek?

Cor. Peace, Strumpet. *Vigilia*, doſt thou know where he is?

Triv. Indeed, Maſter, I neither heard nor ſaw any body; I was in the Cloſet, Preſerving, when your Worſhip and *Jacomo* was here: but I'll endeavour to find him out, an't be poſſible. Mayn't he be here? or here? or here?

{*Looks up and down in the Cupboard, and the Cheſt of Drawers.*

Cor. I, Marry, a likely place!

Triv. Now I'm confident we have ſearch'd as much as is poſſible: there's only one Box more in the room.

Cor. Search it, ſearch it.

Triv. Here 'tis, Sir. [*Gives him a Snuff-box.*

Cor. What a Snuff-box! You Whore, do you abuſe me:

[*Kicks him.*

1 *Man.* Pray, Sir, be patient; ſure there is no body in the room, nor the Cloſet, nor Alcove.

Bell. 'Tis ſtrange, Sir, you ſhould trouble your Neighborhood, and abuſe me for ſuch a fancy.

Cor. Well then, now I find it, y'faith. *Jacomo* has betray'd me, and let him out. Oh you treacherous Villain! 'Tis you, Sirrah.

Jac. No indeed, Sir, not I, nor any body elſe; for I ſtirr'd not a foot from the door, after I lock'd it.

Cor. Go, go, Sirrah, no excuſe: provide your ſelf of another ſervice. A fine juggle indeed!

{[*Walks about, and his back turn'd,* Bellinganna *comes to* Jacomo.

Bell. Say you ſaw him not, and ſave your ſelf and me.

Jac. Turn'd away from the beſt ſervice in *Venice*, for my honeſty!——Why, Sir, I believe your Worſhip's miſtaken; for I ſaw no body here, but my Lady and your ſelf, Sir.

Cor. Why, you impudent Rogue you, did you not ſee him, and ſpeak to him by his name, and was afraid of him too?

Jac. Indeed I heard your Worſhip call one *Trivultio* all to naught:

naught, and I thought it was my duty to call him ſo too, and be afraid of him too; (how did I know but he might lye in Ambuſcade, in the *Alcove*, and ſhoot us?) but the devil a bit of Mankind did I ſee, but your ſelf, Sir.

1 *Man.* This is ſtrange!

Cor. Say'ſt thou ſo? The plain truth of it is, I did not hear him ſpeak a word; but I'll ſwear I ſaw him, or his Ghoſt, as plain as I ſee thee.

2 *Man.* Then 't muſt be ſome Spirit.

Cor. Think you ſo, friends? Verily, I muſt confeſs, I had an extraordinary fear and trembling came upon me; an Army of Men could not have frighted me worſe.

3. *Man.* Why, then, 'tis as clear as the Sun, neither your Lady, nor your Servants ſaw him, and your ſelf did not hear him ſpeak, nor touch him.

Cor. Methoughts I ran him through and through, yet he never cry'd oh for't; and then, indeed, I began to be a little afraid.

2 *Man.* A body of Air, of the Devil's compounding: 't could be nothing elſe.

Jac. Why, Sir, Did you never hear the Houſe was haunted before?

Cor. Never.

Jac. Why, Sir, we were loath to tell you on't; but, Sir, though I never ſaw any thing worſe than my ſelf in my life, yet I'll take my death on't, I have heard ſome things walk at midnight, when we have all been a bed and aſleep.

Cor. O' my word 'tis more than I heard ever.

Triv. I believe ſo, if you were aſleep. This is a rare Rogue, make much of him. [*Aſide, to* Bellinganna.

Cor. Well, Neighbors, I thank you. [*Exeunt Neighbors.*

Jac. Madam, you're in my debt; but my Maſter much more. [*To her, Aſide.*

Happy's the Man whoſe juſt doubts are defeated;
Cuckolds are never glad not to be cheated. *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The* Doge's Villa.

A Scene *of* Paradiſe, *and Glorious Shows, with Muſick.*
Sforza *walking in it alone.*

Sfor. NOw indeed the Lady in the Church is as good as her word. How ſuddainly theſe Women execute their deſignes! and how impatient they are in Love affairs! [*Looks about.*
A Glorious Priſon! 'tis wondrous magnificent!

After ſome Muſick, a Cupid, *or* Angel *held in the Air ſings this Song.*

SONG.

Take, Hero, *take.*
The Preſents, Wealth, and Beauty make:
There's nothing elſe, that Mortals know.
Is worth receiving here below.
Time runs, Love flies;
He that thinks leaſt, is the moſt wiſe:
And Fortune ever did approve.
A preſent Wit in War, or Love.

Stay, Hero, *ſtay;*
The Gods grow envious at thy Prey;
Or ſteal what's rare
In haſte; for Heaven does ſeldom care.
Love and Ambition ſhould conſpire
Mortals to pleaſe in one deſire.

After this a Dance of Angels,

Sfor. Sure this is Paradiſe it ſelf!

Enter Parhelia *gloriously dreſt, attended with her Maids, all in Masques: ſhe comes up to* Sforza.

Parh. Sir, you may judge, by th' actions of this hour,
That I can keep my promiſe, uſe my pow'r.
Perhaps my Rival, by her needy Art
And firſt aſſaults, has prepoſſeſt your Heart;
But though my Perſon, nor my Wealth, ſhould find
A room unfurniſh'd in your well-built mind:
I'll rather be for plain defects deſpis'd,
Than for low cheats and falſe Perfections, priz'd.

{ *She and all her Women unmask.*
{ Sforza *ſeems* ſurpriz'd.

Sfor. A moſt Celeſtial Beauty! Aſſiſt me, Virtue! [*Aſide*
Madam.
Great were my fortune, had it pow'r to climb,
And changing for the better, were no crime.
Victorious Princes, Traytors do diſdain,
Though by their Treaſon they do profit gain.
Ah! what rewards can his black thoughts ſuggeſt
That makes a Preſent of a faithleſs Breſt!
A Ship full fraught with Stones, or worthleſs Sand,
Should it take in a Prize of Plate, 'twould ſink it.

Parh. Caſt out your trash, make room for richer lading:
Virtue may be an Hypocrite, and ſo may Beauty;
But Riches never were: the Goods of *Fortune*
Are viſible, and wear no Masks. [*Points to the Furniture.*

Sfor. Pity the Man that wars in every part:
Eyes, with his Ears; and all againſt his Heart.

Parh. Silly Believer, canſt thou take delight
In a dark Miſtreſs, 'cauſe ſhe ſays ſhe's bright?
Didſt ever ſee a Beauty always Mask'd?
A Wit that never ſpoke? a Saint that never pray'd?
A Courtier never dreſt? A Sunne'r out of ſhade?
Wouldſt thou not, for a Palace, quit a Cell?
For Scepters, Spades, or for a Heav'n, a Hell?

Or

Or would'ſt thou not thy Soul to Heav'n reſtore.
Becauſe thou'dſt ſign'd the Devil's Bond before?

Exit in a rage.

Sfor. She's gone. Brighteſt of Angels, in form and intellect, couldſt thou not find ſome nobler Manſions, uninhabited, to fix thy glories in, but thou muſt claim a Cottage all on fire already? Oh what a conflict's this? You Gods, that make unchangeable Decrees, aſſiſt my wavering conſtancy.
I'll try if I be Captive ſtill.

Goes to the door, and is ſtopt by the Vizor'd Men, that carry'd him away before.

Guard. Whither now?

Viſc. Whider now, Bougre Eſpagnol Milanois? Begar, me vill be revengé for me Metre de King de France. *Cent coups de pieds, Bougre.*

Sfor. The arm'd Masquerades here ſtill! How can this be anſwer'd to the jealous Senate? a capital Crime.

Guard. Sir, you may have leave to walk in the Gallery, if you pleaſe. Here's your way.

Exit Sforza *and the Guard.*

The SCENE, Cornanti's *Houſe.*

Bellinganna, Trivultio, Intrigo.

Intr. courting Triv. { Why do you thus Eclipſe ſo quaint a Beauty?
That radiant Face under ſuch envious clouds,

Enter Cornanti *and* Jacomo.

And ſtop the current of your fragrant breath?

Cor. Bleſs me! what do I hear? oh horrid! inſufferable! The *Moor* in diſcourſe with the Duegna? Treaſon, *Jacomo*, Treaſon.

Jac. What, is the fool talking to her, and ſees not my Maſter? *[Aſide.*

Bell. What does ſhe come on apace?

Int. Oh I, ſhe ſoftens; ſhe will come *Piam piano.*

Cor. Oh Heav'ns, my Wife too! Execrable Villain: fetch me my Dagger; I will let out his filthy black Soul.——— But ſtay!—may not he have ſome privy weapons about him?

Jac. Believe it, Sir, there are few Men that come about theſe ſtolen-Love buſineſſes, but bring along with them ſufficient Weapons.

Cor. Then call the *Sbirri* that live hard by.

Jac. There are two of 'em ſitting at the door. *Exit.*

Int. Shall I approach this lovely Citadel?

[*Taking* Trivultio *by the Hand.*

Triv. You are too bold, Sir, with the Sentinel.

Int. When ſhall I ſeal my Happineſs, on theſe Vermillion Lips?

Bell. And yet he ſees 'em not. [*Aſide.*

Triv. Indeed, Sir, I dare not venture the cold Air; but you may ſqueeze the Wax through the Paper, if you pleaſe.

Cor. Kiſſing too! fine work, y'faith!

[*He Cori'ſies,* and Intrigo *kiſſes him with the Muffler on.*

Enter Sbirri *and* Jacomo.

Intr. When ſhall we interchange the duty of the Sexes?

Triv. Dear Sir, will you pleaſe to walk into a more private room?

Int. Oh, the eaſie conqueſt! See what it is to Court regularly!

{*As he is leading out* Trivultio, *with great ceremony, the* Sbirri *clap him on the back.*

Sbirri. I Arreſt you of Treaſon, at the information of Signior *Cornanti.*

Intr. Me of Treaſon, that have (under the Roſe) for theſe ſeven years, by my vigilance, preſerv'd the State from Forreign Invaſions, and Domeſtique Plots? I Arreſted for Treaſon?

Sbirri. Roſe me no roſing, but come away.

Int. Oh the diſappointment!

[*Breaking hands with* Trivultio.

Bell.

Bell. Oh Lord, my Husband!

{ *Starting back.* Intrigo *seeing* Cornanti *nods at* Jacomo, *who winks, and nods at him again.* Intrigo *cries out in a lamentable Gibberiſh.*

Intr. *Queki ſini baski. Ahi puli tinderis.*

Cor. Did not I obſerve this Raſcal talking to my Wife and *Vigilia*?

Intr. *Cajiſki oli melan. Ahi poluki, Ahi.*

{ *Nodding and winking at* Jacomo, *who nods and winks again.*

Jac. Alas, good Signior *Intrigo*, this is worſe than *A hone, A hone.* No, Sir, I ſcorn to betray my Maſter. To come a ſpy thus from *Taffaletta*! Under the Roſe, it was not well.

Int. Oh the falſe knave! [*Aſide.*

Cor. Bleſs me! is this *Intrigo*?

Jac. It muſt needs be he by his way of ſpeaking. Never any man was ſo deceiv'd by a Rogue.

Cor. That grave knaviſh Fop! Away with him to Priſon, away with him.——Ah you Whores! you Devil-ridden Witches! [*The Women run away.*

{ *Knocking without. They open. Enter the Meſſengers of the Council of Death, with black Caps, like Deaths Heads, with Maces and Tip-ſtaves. They come up, and ſhow* Cornanti *their Maces.*

1 *Meſſ.* In the name of the Duke and Senate, we Arreſt you.

Cor. Arreſt me! for what?

1 *Meſſ.* For Treaſon, in keeping intelligence with the *Turkiſh* Ambaſſadors.

Cor. Heavens guard my innocence.

1 *Meſſ.* And you are to appear before the Council of Death within this half hour.

Cor. Short warning, Heaven knows, for a man ſo ſpotleſs, And ſo deſerving of the Common-wealth. Oh! oh! [*Bewails himſelf.*

Int. I, Sir, 'tis preſent death. Oh the admirable wiſdom of the Senate, to prefer the Publick before the Private ſtill! that gives

gives no time to any, though innocent, to defend themselves, when it is for the publick good!

Jac. Honest *Intrigo* still!

Int. Oh, Sir, I could have told you of all this before; I knew the whole design of your Treason, the time, the place, your Confederates, the Orders of the Senate, the Critical Minute of your surprisal, and the utmost date of your miserable life.

Cor. Oh good Sir, I am so free from any open act, I never wrong'd the Senate in my thoughts.

Int. Take heed what you say, Sir. Do not I know the whole model of your business? have not I been employ'd, as an instrument, to convict you? and a spy upon your actions? Don't you see, under the Rose, how I disguis'd my self on purpose? Do you think this was a wooing Face?

Jac. Here's a turn y'faith! This *Intrigo* will prove a plaguy fellow.

1 *Mess.* Say you so, Sir? Then we summon you to appear before the Council.

Int. I shall most readily attend the *Clarissimo's*.

Cor. Oh, good Sir, pardon my misapprehensions of you; speak but the truth, and no more, and endeavour to support my oppressed innocence. Alas, Sir, you may have free access to my House, at any time, and what sort of conversation you please with any of my Family, none excepted; very intimate, unrestrained conversation.

Jac. Very good y'faith. Oh that my Master could compound for one night's Lodging!

Bell. Ah, Husband, I doubt this was a judgement upon you, for your causeless jealousie. How could I prevent this?

Triv. I, and your distrust of your poor old Servant.

1 *Mess.* Come, Sir, the time draws on.

Jac. But hold a little, my Masters. A fools bolt is soon shot. By what authority do you do this?

1 *Mess.* What authority, Sir? To satisfy your fools head, here's our Commission.

Shows a Writing with the Seal of the Senate: Jacomo *reads it, and* Cornanti *trembles.*

Jac.

Jac. reads. Dominico Loredano, *the moſt Serene* Doge *of* Venice, *to the Officers of the Council of Death. Whereas we are inform'd, that certain wicked and diſloyal perſons have attempted moſt unchriſtianly to betray the ſecret Deliberations of this Senate, to the Ambaſſadors of the Grand Signior, and have ſeduc'd, into their conſpiracy, a certain Senator,* Aulo Foſcarini——— Is *Foſcarini* the man you ſeek for?

All Meſſ. I, the very ſame.

Cor. But my name is *Cornanti.*

Jac. Look in your Commiſſion.

2 *Meſſ.* I cannot read.

1 *Meſſ. reads.* I, Sir, 'tis *Foſcarini* indeed, and there is no other name in the Commiſſion.

2 *Meſſ.* 'Sdiggers, I remember 'twas a long name, and had four Syllabubs to't, as they call 'em.—*Foſ-ca-ri-ni: Cor-nan-ti*; that's too ſhort. I'll take my death on't 'twas *Foſcarini.*

1 *Meſſ.* But we were told this *Foſcarini* liv'd here.

Jac. The miſtake was eaſy; he lives within three doors. Have a good Heart, Maſter, all's well.

All Meſſ. kneel. We humbly beg pardon of your Magnificence.

Cor. I, I, 'tis well enough. 'Slid, I can hardly recover my ſelf to talk to theſe Rogues. Sirrah, take heed———hereafter how a man of my Robe——

Jac. Avant, you Rogues; we'll trounce you.

Cor. But, hark you, friends; though I'm clear of this Treaſon, here is a certain Gentleman knows of a Treaſon, the time, the place, the Confederates; and was employ'd, under the Roſe, as a ſpy, to betray a Senator in his Houſe, as you may ſee by his Face: you had beſt ſecure him.

Jac. 'Tis pity indeed he ſhould loſe his labor: let him be hang'd firſt, and examin'd after. 'Tis all for the publick good ſtill.

1 *Meſſ.* Indeed our Commiſſion extends not ſo far; but if your Magnificence pleaſe to command us, or ſo, we'll venture.

Intr. Oh, good Signior *Cornanti*, let me rather go with my friends here, the *Sbirri.*

Cor. Oh, by no means. This could be no wooing Face; but a moſt dangerous Politic Calves Face.

Intr.

Intr. Yet will I exercise my patience, and not betray my Mistress, nor the occasion of my coming. Why should Hare-brain'd fools triumph upon my infidelity? [*Aside.*

Cor. You would not aim so low as a Woman! the Publick! ever as long as you live, before the Private. Therefore good *Sbirri*, take him for once; and be sure you let him have no private room, but the abominable, publick, stinking hole, amongst the poor prisoners: there let him lye, under the Rose, still.— This was a judgement upon me, Wife, and you, old Witch, for distrusting you, was it not! *Messengers*, you may be gone. *Sbirri*, away with him.

[*Exit Messengers.*

Int. I thought I should have no good luck this day, for putting on my Breeches before my Doublet, and saying my Prayers before I wash'd my hands.

Exeunt Sbirri, Intrigo, *and* Jacomo.

Cor. After a turn or two with his Wife, Well, Wife, 'tis enough; I believe you: this fellow's fool enough to attempt any ridiculous thing without incouragement, and *Jacomo* might be deceiv'd in him. But, deal ingenuously with me, was you never Courted by *Trivultio*?

Bell. Good Sir, be patient, and I'll tell you all. That there was ever any allowance to his Courtship, on my part, I utterly deny; but that he has made some addresses to me, I will not be so unjust to you as to conceal it.

Triv. Now shall I go th' pot next y'faith. [*Aside.*
Plague of all Woman-kind.

Cor. But how, and where?

Bell. Why, Sir, at my Chamber Window, with Serenades.

Cor. But was he never within doors?

Bell. Did not you find that was a meer delusion?

Cor. True; but it runs in my head still. He's a wicked fellow, the Devil would never have come in his shape else. But go on.

Bell. At last, tir'd with his importunity, I appointed him a meeting this afternoon about this time, in General *Moccenigo*'s Wilderness.

Triv.

Triv. Ha! what means this? A Man can never dive to the bottom of theſe Women, [*Aſide.*

Cor. How a meeting? an unlawful meeting?

Bell. No, good Sir, no unlawful one: there's to be none but us two there.

Cor. A dangerous lewd Conventicle.

Bell. But you know I have no power to go out, unleſs you give me leave, for once, or ſo.

Cor. Oh rare!

Bell. Come, Sir, in ſhort, the whole ſcope of my deſign is, to give you ſatisfaction; therefore go along with me, and when you find his intentions, vindicate my Honor and your own, with all the ſeverity Revenge can dictate.

Triv. Oh, now I underſtand her.

Bell. Meet me there, in your own Habit if you dare;
[*To* Trivultio *apart.*
You have made my Husband jealous, you are bound
To cure him of it, or ſuffer for 't.

Cor. Brave wench, now I ſee thou art honeſt; but if thou hadſt not a mind to be ſo, all the Devils in Hell could not compel thee to it. Come away. *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Gallery in the* Doge's *Palace.*

Sforza *walking alone in it.*

Sfor. Sure, if this Carnival continu'd long,
The Women would run mad: three to one Man?
The Raviſher, th' Admoniſher, the Courtier.
Two Suns reflected ſtreaming from the true one:
Yet thoſe two laſt could never be the firſt;
But ſure one Perſon, her Rival, or Oppoſer.
The Lady in the Church, ſhe threatned what ſhe 'as done.
Well, my Dear firſt made the moſt decent Courtſhip:
She did more Love, and they more Rage expreſs;
Her Heat was greater, though her Flame was leſs.
Yet I could wiſh her Beauty equall'd this. [*Pauſes a little.*
I'll never doubt Nature could erre ſo much

To take ill Lodging for ſo great a Gueſt:
The Face is but the Copy of the mind,
Then ſure 'tis glorious.
The Structure's noble; ſure the Front is fair.
Suppoſe it were not, muſt I then recede
From firſt Engagements, without juſt offence?
Love, like a weight, thrown in by force, prevails;
But Honor weighs more in unſhaken ſcales.

One of the Guard ſtops to him, and delivers a Letter.

Guard. Sir, an old Gentleman, that paſt by the Gate, gave me this, with ten Checquins, and the promiſe of as many more, to deliver it ſafe to your hands: but the diſcovery may coſt me my life. Pray be ſecret.

Sfor. Hold.

Guard. I dare ſtay no longer.

Sfor. reads. If your Love be equal to mine, your reſentment is as great for our violent ſeparation. You are a Priſoner to no leſs a perſon, than the Princeſs *Parhelia*, the *Doge*'s Daughter, who will ſpare no deſperate attempt to give her ſelf ſatisfaction. But I will ſuddainly redeem you from this Captivity, if your conſtancy deſerve ſo great a favor.

[*Kiſſes the Letter.*

Ah, my dear Saint, then the debate is ended.
No, no, ſhe ſhall not; I can free my ſelf:
He that dares dye, can never be a Slave,
But cheats a Tyrant of his ſweet revenge.
Yet there is hope ſtill, ſhe may ſend ſome Men
To force the way in; I can ſecond 'em.
But though I were alone, ſhall I be forc'd to do
What Honor chides me for? Great God's 't ſhall never be.
I ſhould not fancy to be forc'd to Heav'n;
At leaſt, by any Earthly Power.

Enter

Enter two Ghosts of Bassa's, *with their Turbants, and Winding sheets, and a great many other* Turkish *Ghosts attending them. Thunder and Lightning, and the place darkened like Hell:* Sforza *starts, then recollects himself.*

No, nor Infernal. { *They stalk dismally about him, with their Scymeters drawn, brandishing at him.* Sforza *looks for his sword, and finds none.*

And must I be their naked Prey?
Cæsar, unarm'd, veil'd with his Robe his Face,
And was asham'd, but not afraid to dye:
So let me perish; but sure I know these Ghosts.
Turks all; and their brave Leader *Achmet.*
Ibrahim too; both slain with my own hand.
No mercy now sure.

Ach. *Prepare, prepare, To turn thy self to Air.* } Sings to a dis-
An injur'd Turk, *made fiercer by the shades,* } mal Tune.
Thy life invades.

Ibra. *Stay,* Achmet, *stay; For I will share the Prey:*
The Blood of Man's too sweet. As thou dranks't mine,
I'll quaff off thine.

Chorus of other *Turks.* { *Heroick Dust, Be not Unjust;*
Each Musleman, that his vile hands have slain,
A piece obtain.

Altogether. *By* Pluto *sent, we draw Terrestrial breath,*
And offer thee too fair, or Love, or Death.

Sfor. Is this your business after Death, great Souls?
I thought you had been rowling among heaps
Of naked Beauties, with Eternal vigor!
Then know, fierce Ghosts, Devils improv'd to *Turks,*

If your own Hell were open, I'de ſooner leap in't,
Than do a crime that ſhould deſerve it.

The Ghoſts walk off leiſurely as they came in, with Thunder and Lightning. Sforza *walks about a little.*

The *Doge*'s Daughter turn'd a Sorcereſs!
A brighter Angel yet than any fell
With *Lucifer*'s illuſtrious train of Rebels.
Oh that the virtuous Prince could hear of this!
But I muſt never live to make relations.
All power's continu'd by the ſame ways 'twas got;
Then doubt not Death, or Marriage. [*Pauſes.*
Death, 'tis the leaſt of evils, or a good,
Becauſe it ends 'em; courted by Boys,
For loſs of Pins and Counters; and by Females,
For leſſer toys: maſter'd by every paſſion,
Love, Revenge, and Grief. Shall it obey
The Slaves of Reaſon then, and not their Maſter?
Death's the dark entry to more pleaſant Manſions,
The opening of the Scene to ſhow us things more glorious;
The firſt flight of the mew'd and hooded Soul.
It is the ſtarting place, and not the Goal.
What is't we live for? tell life's fineſt tale?
To eat, to drink, to ſleep, to fill, and empty,
Love and enjoy, t'enjoy and love no more?
To talk of things we know not, and to know
Nothing but things not worth the talking of,
Inſipid Acts, by repetition, nauſeous?
Who would not dye for curioſity?
A Female, ſickly, childiſh, puking Vice,
Faith, Fortitude, Affliction: ceaſe your Trumpets,
For Nature's errors fright ſuch Enemies.
My Soul is but in Lodgings for a Term,
Nature, her Landlady, may turn her out.
True, were the Houſe my own, I would take care
T'imbelliſh it, and keep it in repair,
Make it impregnable 'gainſt Force and Time,
To Dye were Folly, and to Fight a Crime;

But

But ſince Death's unavoided Arrow flies
From Foes, Diſeaſes, and from Women's Eyes:
Let's nobly court our Fate, ſweet'ning the Race,
With the full Gallop, not the fearful Pace.

Enter Parhelia *glorioufly dreſt: She comes towards him.*

Parh. What, can you love, or dye, Sir?
Sfor. Both, Madam. Love
They ſay's our only buſineſs after death.
Parh. And 'tis the great and nobleſt cauſe of life
Cannot the greateſt fortune in the State perſwade you
To quit your paſſion for a killing Mask?
Pray go to th' Tire-Shops, you may chance to find
A better featur'd one.
Sfor. You're very pleaſant, Madam,
If Love want Rhetorick, how ſhall Fear perſwade?
Parh. 'Twas Fear that mov'd your choice to ſuch an object,
That would provoke no Rivals.
No, Sir, you need not doubt that we will force you:
'Twas but to try how wiſe a man you'd prove,
How fit to make a Soveraign in *Venice.*
You may have liberty to court your Vizor;
Ye know you're in my Net ſtill. Guards let him paſs.
Sfor. That grant of liberty, ſweetens all your ſharpneſs.
Guards let him out at one door.
Exit Parhelia *at the other.*

The Scene, *General* Moceenigo's *Wilderneſs by the Walk of Statues.*

Cornanti *and his Wife, with ſix or ſeven Bravoes Arm'd, following him.*

Bell. This is the place I appointed to meet *Trivultio* at: Lay your Men in ambuſh hereabouts, and ſtand you behind this Arbor, and when you diſcover the wickedneſs of his intentions call out the *Bravo's* to piſtol him.

Cor.

Cor. But you muſt appear to be very forward and kind, to make him the bolder, that I may have the juſter cauſe to kill him.

Bell. Very well thought of; but take notice, I'll make you ſome ſport before, which you muſt not be angry at.

Cor. No unlawful ſport, I hope?

Bell. Fy, fy, Sir; I mean with another buſineſs.

[Cornanti *gets behind the Arbor, and his* Bravo's *under the Hedges.*

Enter Hircanio.

Hir. This is the Walk in the middle of the Wilderneſs, I was to meet her at — And there ſhe is. Oh the bleſſed Image! Madam,
For the redemption of my Captive-Heart,
Or its good uſage in its ſlavery,
Be pleas'd to accept this knot of Diamonds:
Too ſmall an off'ring to ſo fair a Shrine.

Bell. A very fair Jewel. [*Taking, and looking on it.*

Enter Hircanio's *Wife.*

Wife. I had notice from a friend, that my Husband was to meet a Lady here. I, here's the Rogue preſenting her with ſomething.

Hir. Death, here's my Wife. [*Sees her and begins to ſteal away.*

Wife. Ah you old Goat you, have I caught you?
Did I ever deny you at home, you falſe Man?
Oh thou impudent perverter of Mankind! [*Turns to* Bell.
Haſt thou the conſcience to defraud an Honeſt Woman of the dues that her portion paid for?

[*Follows her Husband off ſcolding.*

[*When they are gone off, out comes* Cornanti.

Cor. Brave Wench, y'faith! Ha, ha, he. Didſt not thou ſend for his Wife?

Bell. I, I Sir; take the Jewel, and to your place again.

[*He retires.*

Enter

Enter Trivultio *in his own Habit.*

Bell. coming up to Triwl. Dear Sir, I'm ſorry my pretended coyneſs Has ſo long exercis'd your patience.

Triv. Oh, Madam, ſuch high bleſſings deſerve ſome expectation.

Bell. But, Sir, I ſhall no longer torture your deſires.

Triv. Faith, Madam, Lovers are hard labourers,
'Tis pity to keep back their wages.

Bell. Dear *Trivultio*, I am wholly thine.

[*She runs to him and embraces him.*

Triv. How can that be, when the illuſtrious Senator,

[*Starting.*

Your Husband may plead an elder Title?

Bell. His was by purchaſe, Sir; but yours free gift.

Triv. You're very liberal of what's not your own.
I'll ne'r grow rich by robberies: *Venetian* Commons
Are well ſtock'd; I'll never break incloſures.

Bell. Dear heart, what needs this nicety? this is not
A place for complement, but execution.

Cornanti *may appear here, peeping ridiculouſly from behind the Arbor.*

Triv. Oh, impudence! Know, Madam, then I came to try what I could ſcarce believe; but knowing it, abhor the injury, intended againſt my noble friend; which I durſt not acquaint him with, till by this circumſtance aſſur'd. I ſay, againſt my friend, and my Father's old Friend. 'Tis true, he refus'd to lend me Money; but I know he did it for my good.

Bell. Well, well, thou'lt never leave thy drolling, *Trivultio.*

Triv. No, no Madam, the Dignity of a Senator is not ſo cheaply to be valu'd. Were I diſpos'd to thoſe voluptuous ſins, I'de quench my Flames in common Waters, and not corrupt the noble Streams, to viciate a Race of Princes.

Bell. Come, come, Sir, you do but jeſt.

She hangs upon him, he ſhakes her off: ſhe comes and fawns again.

Triv. Nay, then I'll be in earneſt.
Oh you vile Strumpet; abuſe my noble friend, and an illuſtrious Senator! 'Tis private juſtice, and 'tis publick too, to

ſcourge

ſcourge thy ſinful Carcaſe. [*Seems to beat her violently with his Cane.*

[Cornanti *comes out from behind the Arbor, and interpoſes.*

Cor. O ſpare my Wife, ſpare my Wife, ſhe's Honeſt, ſhe's very honeſt.

Triv. Bleſs me! the noble *Clariſſimo*! How came you here, Sir? you're too good-natur'd; no, no, it cannot be.

[*Goes to beat her again.*

Cor. Hold, hold, for the Lord's ſake: ſhe is indeed, and plac'd me here to watch you.

Triv. She place you? 'twas a cunning honeſt trick of her. A man had been finely ſerv'd that had come with a diſhoneſt intent, la.

Bell. I could do no leſs than acquaint my Husband with your ſollicitations.

Triv. Nor I, than to vindicate his Honor. Pray, Madam, pardon my Zeal to your Husband.

Cor. Dear *Trivultio*, now ſhall I eſteem thee, as the moſt faithful friend that I have in the World: my Houſe and my Coffers are all open to thee.

Triv. Oh, good Sir, Virtue's its own reward.

Cor. That ever I could imagine there ſhould be any baſeneſs in my old friend, Cavalier *Trivultio*'s Son, that noble Gentleman! Dear Wife, I am ſorry for thee: how is it, Honey?

Bell. Well enough, if it may tend to your ſatisfaction.

Cor. I ſhall never harbor an ill thought of thee, as long as I live again. Such a Wife and ſuch a Friend! [*Kiſſes her.* But this old Satyr *Hircanio*! I cannot chuſe but laugh at him How his Wife pepper'd him! Come, come away, my dear ſweet Rogue!—to my Houſe, to rejoyce with me and my Wife, upon this admirable confirmation, and ſettlement of my thoughts.

Bell. Now have I honeſtly accompliſh'd one of my deſigns, to cure my Husband of his cauſeleſs jealouſie: the next is, to help this wild young fellow to a Wife, to reclaim him.

Cor. Come let's away. Such a Wife, and ſuch a Friend! *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cornanti's *Houſe.*

Cornanti *in a modiſh Habit, broad Hat, open Breaſt, ſtiff Pantaloons,* &c.

Corn. HOw eaſy and light do I find my ſelf, ſince I ſhak'd off this lazy diſeaſe of Jealouſy! methinks I am not the ſame man. Let me ſee. (*Takes out his Pocket-Glaſs.*) Why, no: thou ly'ſt in thy throat, old *Cornanti*, if thou ſay'ſt ſo. I renounce thee and thy Works. Well, now that I am new rigg'd and trimm'd, will I launch out into the Ocean of Bravery, and rout whole Squadrons of jealous Cuckolds. Woe be to the yellow Flags. What a world of Miſtreſſes might a Man make, while he ſits brooding over, and watching one Wife!

Enter Bellinganna.

My Wife has not ſeen me in my new Cloaths yet.
I'll try if ſhe knows me. Pray, Madam, what's become of the jealous Cockscomb, your Husband?

Bell. You're very bold with him, Sir. Not at home. This is ſome intimate acquaintance of my Husband's; [*Aſide.* they will abuſe him ſometimes. 'Tis a flat-nos'd ugly fellow: he looks like one of my Husband's Baſtards.

Cor. Abuſe me! I'll try my Rhetorick.

Bell. 'Slife, I think 'tis my Husband himſelf! How theſe faſhionable Cloaths, and white Peruigs, (the great Levellers of Faces) alter Men! But I'll take no notice of him.

Cor. Is't poſſible ſo exquiſite a Beauty
Can reſt contented in ſuch frozen Arms?

Bell. Oh very well, Sir: I love to lye cool.

Cor. Troth, Madam, to be plain with you, your Husband's my old acquaintance, and friend, my ſecond-Self, and I have a great inclination to oblige him with a pair of Horns.

Bell. Have you indeed, Sir? I know not what you ſee in me, can juſtify this liberty of talking. Be mannerly, or begone, Sir.

Cor. Well, well, Madam, I'll talk of ſomething elſe. I was ſomething the more free to droll with you, becauſe they ſay your Husband, that was one of the moſt jealous Owls in nature, is now perfectly cur'd, and convinc'd of your honeſty. I am the moſt contented Man the Earth bears.

Bell. Why, are you ſuch a man?

Cor. I mean, Madam, He ſaid he was. What a Block-head am I!

Bell. Now will I torment him a little. You're a goodly Man indeed to talk of being my Gallant! If I would be concern'd with any man in the World, it ſhould be *Trivultio.* Ah, what a Genty man is this *Trivultio*!

Cor. Hell and Devils, Oh the crafty Strumpet! 'Tis too true I ſee. [*Goes to draw his Sword: ſhe runs up to him.*

Bell. Why, Husband; pretty, ſmug-fac'd Husband, did not I know thee? why wouldſt thou conceal thy ſelf? I was reſolv'd to vex thee a little for't.

Cor. Oh, was it nothing elſe? well enough. I did begin to relapſe.

Bell. Why, Husband, you're another manner of Man. Pretty ſmirking Rogue, come kiſs me.

Cor. That I am y'faith: I defy all the young fellows in Town for a Gallant. That I do, ſo I do.

Enter Eunuch.

Eun. Madam, yonder's Signior *Hircanio* without.

Bell. Very good: bid him come in; I'll leave you. *Exit.*

Cor. I, I; that will make rare ſport.
This Jealouſie, what is't? A dream of Horns.
What if I dreamt of Tails, or cloven Feet,
And had no real blemiſh?
Suppoſe the Feat was done, what is it then?
A wound of Honor, but without a pain:
The running through of a Ghoſt, the letting bloud of Air,

The

The killing a *Chimera.*
Honor's a Shadow, that a Shadow's Dream.
Uncharitable Error, Vice of Plenty,
A ſenſleſs fright
That you want that of which you have too much.
Is a Face worſe for being ſeen: a voice for being heard
By others? A Hand, an Arm, a Mouth, and ſo the reſt,
For being touch'd, if they be unremov'd?
Did I imagine that I wanted Arms, or Legs,
And had them ſtill, were I not more ridiculous
Than loſs of them could make me monſtrous?
It was not ſo, when Men in Commons rang'd,
When every Male had Heards of hungry Females,
When Leachery was rul'd by publick Votes,
And Lovers, choſe like Magiſtrates
In cautious Common-wealths,
The ſhorter time, the better for the Publick;
Then from full Meals they interchang'd their Dainties,
But ſince we were reſtrain'd to little Chops.
And ſlender Meſſes, it is our poverty
That makes us narrow-Soul'd, and envious,
Snarling at every Paſſenger comes near
Our ſtinking cloſe-pick'd Bone.

Enter Hircanio.

Hir. May I make bold to interrupt your Solitude?
Cor. A worſe diverſion were a favour, Sir.
Faith, Sir, 'tis ill halting before a Cripple, I believe you're of my mind, you take an opportunity to viſit the Lady, when her Husband's out of doors.
Hir. Oh fy, Sir, ſhe's a perſon of Honor,
Cor. Be not ſo over-wiſe, grave Sir; I'll deal frankly with you; I'm before hand with you: look, Sir; do you ſee this knot of Diamonds? A ſmall gift of hers.
Hir. Death? my Jewel. This the happy Favorite: we ſpend to maintain others. But pray, Sir, did you ever obtain the Favour?

Cor. Why, is not this a great one?

Hir. I, I; but the favor t'enjoy her, Sir.

Cor. Why, what d'ye think, we're no ſuch *Lenten*-Lovers here in *Italy*, *Jove* be prais'd: I've layn with her five hundred times.

Hir. Oh the happy Man! but is ſhe not a rare Bedfellow?

Cor. Faith, ſo, ſo: if it were not that ſhe ſmells a little too much of the *Frangipani* in hot weather. But did you never kiſs her too?

Hir. Never but in a civil Salute, or ſo.

Cor. Oh then ſhe ſtops her Wind: but ſhe has a breath more poiſonous than the Pump-water of a Ship that never Leaks. The Devil's in him if he likes her now. [*Aſide.*

Hir. Oh pray, Sir, then ſpare your leavings, and ſpeak a good word for me: I may chance to find you a *Buona-Roba* in another place.

Cor. Say you ſo, Sir? I'll go about it ſtrait.

Hir. Do, good Sir.

Cor. But remember your promiſe to Pimp for me, good grave Senator: 'tis an Honourable employment, and fit for none but Stateſmen. *Exit.*

Hir. I'll not fail, Sir. This is the moſt hopeful way; for I fear her appointment in the Wilderneſs was trecherous.

Exit at the other door.

The SCENE, *A Street.*

Sforza *walking in it, and ſtopping over againſt the Priſon where* Intrigo *is.*

Sfor. So, now I know where I am: here dwells my Goddeſs.

Knocks on the Hilt, then Hems, Intrigo *appears at the Grate.*

Oh, now my Heaven appears; but clouded ſtill.
Dear Saint,
Did ever mortal ſuffer ſo much violence?

Int. Truſt me, this noble Count, with Candor and Familiarity, owns my afflictions, is come to ſee me, and calls me Saint, becauſe of my perſecutions. [*Aſide.*
Certainly, Sir, it was a moſt unexpected and inhumane reſtraint.

Sfor.

Sfor. I, to be hurry'd and hall'd away by force,
And mew'd up in a kind of inchanted Caſtle.
The Lady has caught cold by her voice. [*Aſide.*

Int. I, and terrefy'd and threaten'd, and kept priſoner, without any Ground or Reaſon.

[Parhelia *looks out at a window hard by.*

Parh. Yonder's the Count has ſtumbled upon ſome other Masqu'd Lady: ſome miſtake. I muſt go to him: is he mad?

Intr. Verily, dear Sir, this was the moſt unjuſt captivity that ever was, ſince the Jews were in *Babylon.*

Sfor. I, or the *Spaniards* under the *Moors*, in *Granada.*

Int. Ha, *Moors*! does he abuſe me? 'Tis true, I could not get out this Black yet. [*Aſide.*
What e'r the occaſion was, is more then every body's aware of; but ſome ſhall hear on't on both ſides of their Ears.

Sfor. Nay, pray forget it now: Ladies hands ſtrike gently.

Int. Well conſider'd indeed, and 'tis good manners to kiſs the Rod, and bear it patiently.

Sfor. Why do you reproach me with my patience?
Where ſhall I find the Offenders? I'll tell you the whole ſtory.

Int. How, can you tell my ſtory better than my ſelf?

Sfor. Methinks the Lady ſpeaks not pertinently. [*Aſide.*
True, there was a Letter ſent from a Lady.

Int. Now does he abuſe me, for taking up *Bellinganna*'s Note. [*Aſide.*

Sfor. Which I took to be yours. You might hear ſomething; but you ſaw nothing, but the beginning of the buſineſs.

Int. What means this? [*Aſide.*
But I hope I ſhall ſee an end on't ſhortly.

Sfor. Of what, dear Madam? Why do you ſpeak ſo myſtically? Muſt your Sence, as well as Face, be ſtill obſcur'd from me?

Int. Does he call me, Madam? Without doubt he abuſes me. [*Aſide.*
For all your ſcoffs, Sir, ſome Ladies may have worſe Faces, tho, I confeſs, I am a little Sun-burnt at preſent.

Sfor.

Sfor. Oh pardon me, Divineſt Beauty, my Faith's as ſtrong as ever.

Int. Why, worſe and worſe? I can endure no longer.

Enter Parhelia *veil'd.*

Sfor. I have incens'd my Goddeſs.

Parh. Well, what's the matter, Count?

Sfor. Here comes the Enchantreſs.

Parh. Another Miſtreſs? What, are you mad; or turn'd inconſtant?

Sfor. Avoid, Satan: you impudent Magician, Sorcereſs; the Earth ſhall ſwallow me, before I'll leave my firſt Engagements.

Parh. Why? I 'm your firſt.

Sfor. 'Tis falſe, you Witch, *Medæa*, Conjurer.

Parh. There's no talking to him now; but I'll ſtay to ſee th' event.

Sfor. Conceal'd Divinity, offended Goddeſs { *Falls down on his knees towards the Priſon.*
Once more impart thy Glorious Rayes,
And viſit thy immutable Adorer. { *Plays and makes moſt loving Grimaces.*
Pedro, my Guittar.

Int. Ha! ſome Muſick! { *Putting out his Head farther than ordinary.*

Parh. Ha, ha, he! *Intrigo* in Priſon, black as he was at my Couſin *Bellinganna*'s, which you take for a Maſque; and here's the Priſon. Come, view your Miſtreſs nearer.

Sfor. Death, 'tis the grave fool indeed!

Int. Abuſe me ſtill! Oh the ignorance of Mankind, that judges all things by the event! [*Withdraws.*

Parh. Look here, that's my window I ſpy'd you from.

Sfor. True, this is the place undoubtedly: now I remember it. [*Falls on his knees to her.*
A thouſand pardons, Madam, if 't be you.

Parh. Nay, I'll convince you. Come, go in with me into my Houſe, and thence into ſome publick place,
Where you ſhall ſee her who your faith has try'd,
And judge, if well or ill, your Virtue was employ'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Jacomo, *knocks at the Priſon door, the Jaylor opens the door.*

Jac. Sir, Signior *Cornanti* has order'd you to releaſe *Intrigo.*
Jay. Very well, Sir. *Exit.*
Jac. Methinks this impriſonment ſhould have ſo mortify'd him, that we ſhall hear no more of his Love-Adventures at our Houſe: but 'tis ten to one but he will be launching out upon ſome new deſigne. He can no more conceal his counterfeit Wiſdom, then a beggarly Gallant can ſtay within doors with a Copper-Lac'd Suit.

Enter Intrigo *and* Jaylor.

Grave Signior *Intrigo*, you are injoyn'd not to ſpeak a word of the occaſion of your coming to our Houſe. Farewel, Sir, *Exit.*

Int. This releaſe was certainly procur'd by ſome overture from the amorous Lady, and the mollify'd *Duegna.* I will patiently expect another Summons. *Exit.*

The SCENE, *the* Doge's *Palace, with the ſame Furniture as before.*

Sforza *walking in it with his veil'd Miſtreſs.*

Sfor. Bleſs me, great Gods, what do I ſee, my glorious Priſon! the very ſame Room, the ſame Furniture, and the ſame Guards in Masks! *The Princeſs unveils, and he falls on his knees.*
Oh Heavens, the ſelf-ſame perſon!
Parh. What, will you yet adore your ſhame-fac'd Idol?
(Sure ſhe's an Angel, 'cauſe inviſible)
Or muſt I force you once again? [*Drollingly.*
Sfor. Myſterious Goddeſs,
Blame not my diſobedience, miſ-led by duty.
I'm yours by ſuch a cloud of Titles, that I'm loſt in't:

Slave.

Slave to your Beauty, Subject to your Wit,
And Captive to your Power, but as wiſe Princes
Who conquer Kingdoms, though by Law their own,
Claim by the Sword as the ſublimeſt tenure,
And ſcorn all other wrangling competitions:
So let me be the Vaſſal of your greatneſs;
(Though Wit and Beauty, Empires without Arms,
Chain me too faſt) kept in material Shackles;
And in the meaneſt Drudgeries employ'd,
Where I may view my Tyrants glorious Image.

Parh. I'll not miſtruſt your Virtue, nor my Charms;
Your conſtancy has made me value both;
Nor call him Captive that's invincible:
Love's no Uſurper, but a Natural Prince;
So good, he needs no Laws nor Cuſtoms to
Reſtrain him; nor to protect him, Arms:
Harmleſs with Forces irreſiſtible;
Invulnerable with naked Innocence.
Then you ſhall be my Priſoner, but at large;
Confin'd from nothing Love invites you to

Sfor. And Honor ſhall be judge what Love ſhall do.

Enter Cornanti *leading* Aurana, *and* Trivultio *leading* Bellinganna.

Corn. *A* jolly company y'faith, if we had the Fiddles.
[*Walks about Singing.*

Parh. What, broke looſe again, Couſin?

Aur. Pray, Madam, how came you to hear of my eſcape?

Parh. Oh, my Conſin *Bellinganna* and I, have kept a conſtant correſpondence. Well, Count, that you may not be miſerable alone, here are ſome other fellow-Priſoners to Matrimony.

Sfor. If happineſs may be increas'd by participation, or if I can receive any addition to what I have already, it is to ſee my friend *Trivultio* ſo.

Triv. Thanks, dear Count.

Sfor.

Sſor. But, Madam, one doubt remains yet unreſolv'd; Who were your Angels, and who your Ghoſts?

Parh. Theſe were my Ghoſts: } *Pointing to her Guards.*
And theſe my Angels. } *Pointing to her Women and Pages.*

Cor. I have a pretty crotchet just now come into my Head: Yonder } Parhelia *and* Bellin-
Trivultio, o' my conſcience, is very ho- } ganna *talk together.*
neſt, and would not cuckold me, if he might; and my Wife's a Woman of Honor: I have try'd 'em both; therefore will I cuckold him. *Ah quil eſt doux de faire, ſon cher amy Cocu.* Come hither pretty Soul, I do intend to make *Trivultio* my Heir: will you give me leave to viſit you, when your Husband's from home?

Anr. 'Twill be the greater favor, Sir, that you will own me in his abſence.

Cor. So, ſo; Done and Done; as plain as up and ride. Look how the poor fellow looks at me! As jea- } Triv. *and* Bell. *pry*
lous as a Gooſe! And my Wife too! I, Sir, } *at him, and counter-*
if you knew how near you were being a } *feit a jealouſie.*
Cuckold! (*Laughs.*) How ſneakingly a man looks that's jealous! (*Aſide.*) But, methinks the Rogue begins to look a ſquint at me.

Triv. I'll fright him a little. Hark you, Sir, do you endeavour to corrupt my Miſtreſs? [*Angrily.*

Cor. 'Slife, what ſhall I ſay? Thy Miſtreſs! not for a world? I'm not ſuch a Rogue. Make a Whore of her I intend ſhall bring Heirs to my Family!

Triv. It ſeems you intend to get 'em your ſelf. Come, come, Sir; 'tis no jeſting matter; I over-heard you.

Cor. Ha, ha, he. Was it not fit for me to try whether ſhe were honeſt, or no? Thou ſhouldſt never have had her elſe: my Son and Heir marry a Whore! I'de ſee her burnt firſt. If it had been any other Woman, I had been in earneſt, la.

Triv. Was it only ſo? I'm ſatisfy'd.

Cor. Oh, are you ſo? There's wit for you, at a dead pinch, la! Poor eaſy Milk-ſop, that ſhan't ſerve thy turn.
Thou art already Liſted and Inroll'd
Into the Honorable Society.

Corna, Corna, Corna chi vuol hauer di Corna [*Sings.*

Hark thee, *Trivultio*, I have forty thousand Crowns to spare; let me see, how many Whores will that make?

Triv. Faith, Sir, I want Arithmetick to count 'em. Shall I reckon by Julio's, or Halfe Crowns?

Cor. Halfe Crowns. A good Market-rate. Let me see, about eight hundred thousand of 'em. That's all. I have a project, that every one of these Women shall bear me two Male Children at a birth every year: so that about twenty years hence, I shall be able to bring every year a fresh Army of Sixteen hundred thousand fighting Men into the Field, out of my own Loyns, Boy. The old Patriarchs were Asses to me: poor impotent broken-belly'd Fumblers.

Triv. But, at this rate, you must get more Children in a night than *Hercules*.

Cor. *Hercules*! Why, *Hercules* never eat French Pottage, nor Jelly, nor Champignons. A poor Carret-eating Rogue! I'll have all the Cordials and Elixirs, that Nature treasures up for the industrious, payd by the rich. My Physitians shall study nothing else but the Art of *Procreation*; I'll have none but those that can turn all Nerves into Bones, and all Meat into Marrow.

Triv. Right, Sir. You shall have all the three Concoctions in a minute, and the time gain'd from them shall be employ'd to lengthen Generation.

Enter Visconti *with* Melinda; Visconti, *in his* French Habit, *stuck with Pistols, and a Musquetoon at's back.*

Parh. Well escap'd, Madam. I see you're as good as your word.

Mel. Oh, Madam, I am as it were at home, under the wings of my Tutor here.

Visc. And, Begar, me vil now teche you de finest lesson in de vol vorld.

Mel. No other Lesson, Mounsieur, but the *French* Song: [*Sings a ridiculous* French *Song.*

Cor. What the Devil's this fellow that *Melinda* has got?

Viſc. Me be de *Exant* of de Guard to de Princeſſe: vat is dat to you?

Cor. *Exang*, with a pox to't! what's that? [*Aſide.*

Good Mr. *Exang* be patient.—

Viſc. Do you laughé at me?

Cor. Pray excuſe me, Sir; 'tis a new word I had not heard before, a fine word: but I honor your Perſon as much as any man living, good Mr. *Exang.*

Turns his Head always at the word Exang, *and laughs, for fear the other ſhould ſee him.*

[*Turns his Head and laughs.*

Sfor. We ſhall have ſome Blood-ſhed by and by, between theſe two Heroes.

Cor. If I might be hang'd, I cannot forbear talking to him. Hark you, Mounſieur *Exang*,—(*Turns his Head and laughs.*) are not you ſome Dancing-Maſter, or ſome ſuch kind of fellow? pray throw off your fighting Tools a little, and teach me a *Corante.* [*Walking about, and ſinging.*

Viſc. Me Dancing-Metre! Begar you lye in de troate; me corn dat. Me Metre Dance?

Cor. What are you then? a Fencing-Maſter? will you teach me the Stocade? the Sa, Sa?

Viſc. Morbleu: de affront to de Nobleſſe. Me no Metre-Dance, Metre-Fence, no Artizan, no Burgeois, no Fout-man. Me be Gentil homme. You be de Son of de Whore, and de Beech, and de Kiſhen Wench, to ſay ſo: me marry dis Lady de grand kalité. Me vil have ſatisfacſeeon.

Triv. 'Slife, what have you done? The Frenchmen are all Gentlemen abroad, unleſs their Cloaths diſprove 'em. The Ladies never queſtion it. We ſhall have a Challenge preſently: will you pleaſe to accept of me for a Second?

Cor. No, no; I hope, no need of that. [*Trembling.*

Viſc. Me Bourgeois! Me Roturier! Me Metre Dance! [*Walking angrily.*

Cor. I did not care neither, but that I ſtrain'd my Arm t'other day, fighting with the Watch: I can hardly ſtretch it out. And you know the chief Thruſt lies in the *Allongee.* I hate to kill a man by halves.

A Dance; in the middle of which, Enter Parſon.

Bell. Come, come, we loſe time: are you ready to be married?
To the work preſently, Mr. Parſon.

The three Couples join hands, Sforza *and* Parthelia; Viſconti *and* Melinda; Trivultio *and* Aurana. *A great noiſe without, (ſtand off, ſtand off; Traytors, Traytors.) Claſhing of Swords, the Women ſqueak.*

Parh. Oh Lord, we are undone! who would have thought of any bodies coming here at this time?

Aur. Heaven defend us.

Viſc. Que Diable eſt ſa!

Triv. Have a good Heart, man, 'tis nothing. } Cornanti
Cor. Sayſt thou ſo, Boy? Some frolick I warrant you. } *trembles.*

Some of the Vizarded Men, are upon the Stage, others come running in. Enter the Doge *and the* Procurators, *the Yeomen of the Guard going before.*

Doge. Seize on the Conſpirators.

Yeomen. Deliver, deliver. [*They ſeize 'em.*

Doge. If I had not come hither by accident, contrary to my cuſtom, what a ſcandal had I layn under!
Bleſs me! my Daughter!

Parh. I humbly beg your Highneſs pardon: 'twas but harmleſs mirth.

Doge. With Arm'd Men in Vizards? and in my Palace too,
To wound my Servants, and oppoſe my Entrance?
I grieve at the diſhonor of my ſpotleſs Race.

Hir. Juſt Heaven, my Daughter with her hair-brain'd Gallant ſo ſoon again! Oh the wandring Whore!

Grim. And mine too with her ſharking *Frenchman*!
You Pow'rs above, why am I not ſtruck blind?
Degenerate Strumpet, couldſt thou find none to make
Thy Paramour, but this poor Muſhroom?

Viſc. Begar, me corn your word: me no Muſhroom, no Scoolt-oad.

Grim.

Grim. If you be his Wife, you ſhall ſoon be his Widow: I'll have your *French* Cock roaſted alive, with his Gizards and Sauſages about him there.

Mel. Oh Lord!

Doge. I'm ſorry, Sir, to find you here, after ſo late an Honor given by the Senate.

Sfor. Sir, you will find Ingratitude a ſtranger to my thoughts.

Doge. A Parſon too? The Trumpet of Rebellion! But, what ranting modiſh Gentleman's that?

Sfor. 'Tis old Signior *Cornanti* in diſguiſe.

Cor. No, 'tis falſe, Sir, 'tis young Signior *Cornanti.*

Hir. How have I been abus'd then.

Doge. The *Metamorphoſis!*

Cor. What, you're but in jeſt, Couſin! will you never ha done? you'll fright the poor Wenches out of their little wits.

Grim. 'Twill prove a ſad jeſt, good Mounſieur.

Cor. Come, come, what a pox, this'll not paſs. Ha, ha, he. Do you think to make a fool of me too? How you leer now! Do you think, if there had been any Treaſon in't, I, as a Senator, would not have diſcover'd it? Have not I as great a love for the Commonwealth, as your ſelf, Sir?—Hark you, Sir, have you found out a *Buona-roba* for me yet? [*To* Hircanio.

Doge. This Gentleman's ſtrangely alter'd, from a penurious Melancholly, to an exorbitant gayety. Sure he counterfeits.

Hir. No doubt on't, Sir,—I know this poor fellow's folly; but let him be hang'd however, that he may tell no tales. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Trivultio, doſt thou ſee how finely they act their Parts! as if it were a Stage-Play.

Doge. I cannot gueſs what this deſign may be.
Theſe two are Subjects of the King of *Spain.*

Hir. The Caſe is plain, theſe ſtrangers have deſign'd
To whore our Daughter, cut our Throats, and put
A *Spaniſh* Yoak upon this free-born State.
I hear there's an Army ready, marching from *Milan:*
'Tis no time to think, Sir. Now, with this lye, will I come even with my Daughter's Raviſher, and my happy Rival though ſhe hang for't too, no matter. [*Aſide.*

Sfor. Great Gods, aſſert our innocence. *Doge.*

Doge. Gentlemen, this is no time time to defend your ſelves. The danger urges. I muſt ſpeedily Provide for the ſafety of the Republick. [*Viſconti ſlips away.* Guards look to the Priſoners, and keep 'em all in ſeveral Rooms, with a Guard to each, that there may be no contriving, or packing of ſett Tales. And you, Tipſtaves, let the Council of Forty be Aſſembled immediately; and let the Pope's Legate, Cardinal *Colonna*, though he arriv'd here but laſt night, and has not yet appear'd in publick, be deſir'd to attend the Senate, in caſe of Eccleſiaſtical Cenſure, upon the leſſer Offendors of this numerous Riot:

That our neglect, Poſterity condemn not,
Nor the leaſt Wheel in this rare Frame be ſhaken,
Though to the ruine of our private Houſes. *Exit.*

Hir. Look eſpecially to this wild Traytor *Trivultio.*

1 *Gua.* I'll warrant you, Sir. *Exit with* Triv.

2 *Gua.* What's become of the *Frenchman?*

3 *Gua.* I believe he's run away.

2 *Gua.* That's like 'em. *Exit.*

Cor. What a pox means this? Hark you, Ladies, if they ſhould be in ſober ſadneſs after all, 'twould vex one.

Parh. 'Tis too true, Couſin.

Cor. Pox o' theſe grave fellows, there's more malice in one of 'em, than in twenty of us young merry ſcabs.

3 *Gua.* Come away, Sir, do you rail at his Highneſs?

Cor. What, I warrant you, you're in good earneſt, are you, you'll be hang'd as ſoon.

3 *Gua.* I'll try that. [*Takes him.*

Cor. Nay, prithee good Beef-eater, ſtay a little; prythee, prythee.

3 *Gua.* Come aloft, Sir.

{*The great fellow tucks him under his arm, and goes out with his heels foremoſt.*

Cor. Do you know who I am? {*Kicks and ſtrugles.*
A Senator, a Senator, a Senator, {*Exeunt Guarded.*

The

The SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Tipſtaff *and* Circumſtantio.

What a coil's here about this Maſter of thine? I tell thee he's not here.

Cir. Why there can be no affairs of State tranſacted without him.

Tipſt. Honeſt *Circumſtantio*, I ſee thou haſt little to do, and I have a great deal of buſineſs, prythee take my Tipſtaff, and ſummon the Cardinal.

Cir. Oh I know the Houſe that was taken for him in the *Strada della Chieſa*; I'll do't for you. [*Takes the Tipſtaff.*] *Exit.*

Enter a Watchman, with many of the Rabble about him. Viſconti *paſſes by haſtily in his* French *Habit: the Watchman comes up to him.*

Watch. Stand; Whither ſo faſt? Are not you one of the Conſpirators?

Viſc. Me be povré Eſtranger:

1 *Man.* A *Frenchman*, a *Frenchman.*

2 *Man.* A *French* Dog; all the Plots come from thence.

3 *Man.* Knock him down.

4 *Man.* Brain him. This is he that ſet my Houſe o' fire. 'T could be no body but a *Frenchman.*

6 *Man.* This is he that got my Daughter with Child. That was a *French* trick too.

Watch. Keep the Peace neighbors, and let us bring him before the Senate. He was in as much haſte, as if he had been coming from *Candia* or *Gygery.*

All. I, I, away with him, away with him. A Plot, a Plot: the *French*, the *French.*

1 *Man.* They'll burn the City.

2 *Man.* They'll worry our Wives and Children.

3 *Man.* They'll let in the Sea, and drown us.

5 *Man.* 'Twas they that brought the Plague into *Venice.*

7 *Man.* I, and the Pox too, formerly.

Watch. What's your name?

Viſc. Me be Metre de Language to Sighior *Grimani.* Me be no *Frenchman*, me be *Italien.*

1 *Man.*

1 *Man.* No matter, you shall be hang'd for looking like one.

2 *Man.* I, for clipping the true Language.

3 *Man.* You shall be hang'd *Al-a-mode de France.*

Watch. Come, come away.

All. Away with him, away with him.

Boys follow him crying.

A *Monnsire.* A *Mounser.* A *Munchir.* A Mister *Mownseer.*

[*Exeunt all in a hurry, haling him away.*

The SCENE *A Prison with a Bed in't*

Trivultio *in his Night-Gown and Cap. A Table, with bottles of Wine, and Glasses upon it. A Soldier to guard him.*

Triv. Come, honest Guard, take thy Glass in thy hand.

[*Gives him one.*

1 *Guard.* God bless your Worship.

Triv. Now let us sing the Catch I show'd thee.

SONG.

HOw happy's our Fate,
To live thus in State,
With our Guards at our Gate!
None can have access
But must Court and Address
And their business confess:
Then take off thy Glass on thy dutiful Knee, { Guard kneels and drinks.
For Princes are Pris'ners as well as we.

Triv. Now fill my Glass: faith, if we must dye, let's dye merrily however.

1 *Guard.* I have heard 'em say, Sir, that Drinking's the cure of all Diseases.

Triv. No, thou'rt mistaken.

It sweetens sorrow, but removes it not,
Unless the mind be made Serene before,

With

With ſublime preparations: then 'tis the higheſt
Leachery to dye, and, next to that, to be in priſon.

Guard. Troth, Maſter, methinks you make very light on't. If I were ſure there were good Drink i' th' other World, I did not care if I were dead too.

Triv. Why doſt thou doubt it, man? They ſay every thing is more plentiful there, than here; and all Men are alike, and no poor.

Guard. Oh Lord, Maſter, how can you tell?

Triv. Why, there are ſeveral that have ſtaid in the other World a little time: as ſome that have been in long Swoons, Apoplexies, and præternatural Sleeps; others, that have been halfe-hang'd, cut down again, and recover'd. The other world, they ſay, is juſt ſuch another place, as the Countreys of *America*, *Brazile*, *Mexico* and *Peru*: there are few that venture to go there, but ſuch as can live here no longer; but, when they come thither, they find every thing ſo good there, that they never think of coming back again.

Guard. Oh Lord, what would I give to ſpeak with one of thoſe Men that have been in the other World!

Triv. This fellow's deadly ſimple, and drunk to boot. *Aſide.* Why, thou ſhalt ſpeak with one preſently. I'm a dying man, thou know'ſt, and if I were hang'd out-right now, 'twere but ſome hours ſooner; and a toy takes me i' th' head, to have thee put my Garter about my neck, and half hang me, that I may ſee what the other World is, we're going to: but be ſure you leave pulling when I make ſigns to give o're.

Guard. Oh that would be fine, and pleaſant, indeed, if I did not hurt you. But, Maſter, if I ſhould hang you in good earneſt, I ſhould be hang'd for you.

Triv. Oh, never fear that. Here, take my Garter, make a running knot, and on with it. (*Guard puts it on.*) Now, according to the laudable cuſtom of Malefactors, will I give this wicked World a ſhort exhortation.

Guard. Oh, pray Maſter, do.

Triv. *Good People, I am come hither to be a ſpectacle to Men and Angels, Criticks, and Devils; I am to pay a debt to Nature, which ſhe has made over to a greedy Huſwife call'd Fortune,*

who calls for him before the day of payment. But Death is Honorable, Advantageous, and Necessary: Honourable in old Men, to make room for younger; Advantageous to those that get Legacies by it: and Necessary for Married people, that have no other Jayl-delivery. I am most justly brought hither to suffer this ignominious death, and as my Legacy, do bequeath you an useful caution, concerning that horrid and crying sin, that has brought me to this most Tragical end. My Godly Parents brought me up most virtuously, in hopes to have sold me to a Wife to the greater advantage: but at fifteen years of age, the Devil, the Devil grew powerful in me, and tempted me to a sin, Nature would never have thought of (good people: I tremble to name it) getting my Mother's Maid with Child. Ah! (Speaks softly and quivering. Bettina, Bettina, *thou taughtst me a trick I could never leave since. Thy Sweet-meats, and thy Sugar-plums, have brought me to the Gallows. Hangman, I freely forgive thee; and more freely, than ever any dying man did. Do thy Office.*

Guard. Oh Gemini! what a brave Speech will he make when he comes to't in good earnest!

Triv. Pull down my Night-Cap, that I may not fright thee, and that I may see more inwardly into the other world.

[*Pulls down his Cap, and pulls the Garter.*

Guard. What do you see now, Master?

Triv. Nothing yet, but a Myst. Pull harder.

[Triv. *puts his fingers between his Throat and the Garter.* Now pull o' God's name.

[*Guard pulls a little; then asks.*

Guard. What do you see now Master? The Rope's very close: pray God he recover.

Triv. I see Rocks and Mountains, and craggy places, and Men crawling upon 'em, like Snails or Maggots. Now I am come into a fair Plain, all set with Orange-Trees, Jessamin, and Rose-Trees: the most delicious place that in my life, I ever saw. But oh, oh, oh, now I see——

(*He counterfeits a ratling in his Throat.*

Guard. What, Master, what? he speaks mighty plain to be three quarters hang'd; but 'tis a lightning before death.

Triv.

Triv. Oh the bleſſed ſight! At the end of this Plain, I ſee a great huge pair of blew Stairs, as broad as all the whole World, made all of *Turky* Stones, and *Lapis Lazuli's*, and they are ſtuck as thick with Checquins, as ever they can hold, with many broad *Portagu'us*, and *Engliſh Jacobus's* amongſt 'em; and there is one piece of huge bright Gold, as broad as from hence to *Padua*, and another paler piece, as broad as from hence to *Malamocco*.

Guard. Now, o' my conſcience, theſe ſame blew Stairs are the Skies; and the Stars, it ſeems, are nothing but Checquins; and the Planets, *Portugu'us*, and *Cobus's*: and the Sun and Moon are thoſe ſame great gallant pieces. Pray Maſter let me be hang'd too, and go to Heaven preſently.

Triv. No, no; I will ſee a little more. Oh the lovely Viſion! Now do I ſee a great many of my old acquaintance, and ſome poor Tenants of my Father's, that are dead, going up and down theſe Stairs, and taking out the great pieces, and playing with 'em at Coits, and toſſing about the little ones like Tennis-balls.

Guard. Oh Lord, Maſter, let me go to Heaven too, for God's ſake: I can ſtay no longer. I will ſlacken the Rope.

Triv. Now the Devil take thee for a croſs fool: its all gone again.

Guard. Nay, good Maſter, ben't angry, but hang me a little too.

Triv. Come, and thou wilt, on that condition thou'lt hang me again. [*Pulls off his Cap.*

Guard. I will indeed, Maſter.

{Trivultio *puts the Garter about his Neck, and the Cap on his Head, and pulls hard.*

Triv. What doſt thou ſee now?

Guard. Nothing yet Maſter but a black Miſt:
And yet methinks the Rope is hard enough.

[*Speaks as if he were almoſt ſtrangled.* Triv. *picks the key of the door out of his pocket, ſhews it, and runs and unlocks the door, and and locks it again upon him.*

Triv. Oh, twill clear up by and by.

Guard.

Guard. Pull a little more. I ſee nothing in the World yet, but a great Fog. Pull, for God's ſake, Maſter. Why don't you pull? Maſter, where are you? [*Pulls off his Cap,*

Triv. Here, Boy, here: is the Myſt clear'd up yet? [*and miſſes him.* [*Peeping in at the Gate.*

Guard. How the Devil got you there? [*Feels for his Key*

Triv. How many Checquins have you got in the other World? will you play at Coits, or Tennis with 'em? Are they as heavy as *Venetian* Money? ſure they are light, they could not toſs 'em ſo nimbly elſe. [*and miſſes it.*

[*Guard goes to the door, and finds it lock'd.*

Guard. Oh the Traytor! ſtop Thief, ſtop.

The Scene *changes to a part of the* Senate-Houſe.

Enter Intrigo *and a Door-keeper.*

Door-k. If you be diſcover'd I ſhall be ſent to the Gallies; for none are admitted into the *Senate-Houſe*, but Gentlemen of *Venice.*

Int. Fear not, here's twenty Checquins for you.

Door-k. Here, Sir, you may lye at large in this great Trunk of Records; 'tis a little Dining-room. [*Shows him the Trunk.* I'll get a hole made on purpoſe to put out your Head and Hands, that you may liſten and take Notes.

Int. Very well, How ſhall I hug my ſelf, to hear the condemnation of theſe imprudent Revellers! and beſides, dive into the freſh Intrigues and Cabinet Councils, that come piping hot from *Rome*! How freely will this Cardinal empty himſelf into this boſom of mine, and know not who has drain'd him! This Art do we Politicians call pumping by Proxy, or the Magical Screw. [*The* Scene *ſhuts upon 'em.*

Enter Triyultio.

So ſo, I am got off clear. Now for another device to help my friends. The Cardinal Legate is newly come to Town, and ſcarce known to any man in *Venice*. Great Bodies move ſlowly, and he does not think the Senate is in ſuch great haſte; I will have a trick to prevent this Cardinal. The greateſt difficulty will be, to get *Hircanio's* Daughter; But *Cornanti* is bound to make the Match for me, for the kindneſs I did, in curing him.

him of Jealouſie. And ſhall I then attempt his wife again? Ingrateful God of Love! Pox on't, in matter of Women, the deceit is Trivial. Civiliz'd Mankind that live in Towns, lye with one anothers Wives, as Gentlemen cheat in Horſes, by a *Tacit compact*, and rule among themſelves. Let *Cornanti* purſue his inclinations, I'll follow mine.

Man's Gratitude may ſometimes riſe from Pride.
Friendſhip to others from the firſt writ Law
Of pleaſing of himſelf; why may not I endure
The burden of a wilful obligation;
And not be toſſing it ſtill back again
To one who throws it upon me to eaſe himſelf?
For why ſhould Mankind live by Rule and Meaſure.
Since all his Virtue riſes from his Pleaſure?

ACT V.

The SCENE, *The Senate-Houſe.*

The Senate *ſitting, the* Doge *and* Procurators *of* S. Mark, *and all the Officers: the Priſoners at Bar:* Sfor. Parh. Cor. Bell. Viſc. Mel. Trivultio *diſguis'd like the* Cardinal Legat. *All in form of Judicature.*

1 *Sen.* The boldeſt frolick this wiſe State has known,
2 *Sen.* 'Tis Treaſon in a high degree.
3 *Sen.* 'Twas nothing but an amorous Gambol.
4 *Sen.* One of *Cupid's* Conſpiracies,
The God that drolls at Law.
But hear the Advocate-General. } *Signior* Satana *ariſes up in his Bar-Gown.*
Sata. Moſt Gracious Fathers,
I thank auſpicious Heav'n I find you here;
That no black unprevented crime has caus'd
Your abſence, or Adjourn'd your Seſſion to another World.
For ſince this Infant-Commonwealth firſt ſtrugled
Out of its *Chaos*, and aſſum'd this glorious form,
There never was ſuch dark, ſuch helliſh practice,
Not to be ſpoke of, if not acted firſt,

Nor

Nor told to liſt'ning Children, but with ſharpeſt vengeance,
Leſt they ſhould conne the Crimes, or hate their Fathers.
For their ſupine Indulgence. But what was this deſigne?
Nought but ſubverſion of the State. A Peccadillo.
Nought but the breaking the moſt curious frame
The World can boaſt of, ſince the Heavens were built.
A Love toy.
Making a *Chaos* of a Firmament,
A pretty fidling, dancing, kiſſing Treaſon.
But where was this? even in the *Doge*'s Palace,
The ſacred Fort, and ſafeguard of the Prince.
And when?
Even in the Carnival, that time of Licence,
When all Men may turn Traytors. And by whom?
Even by Soldiers, and by Forreigners:
Men that have Int'reſt in the Camp and Cloſet;
None in the Senate. Men that have no Bowels,
Nor native tenderneſs for this our Mother.
But you'll ſay 'twas but
A merry meeting with ſome Women in't.
A Play with Snakes to make it innocent.
No Vice is perfect, but a Woman's in't:
Women, the Lures of Schiſmaticks and Rebels,
The Pleas of Nature, in the mouth of Grace
Thoſe Cables twiſted round with ſilken Threads
Of immaterial Doctrines that would quickly break
But for the ſtrong attractives under-woven.

Hir. True, Learned *Satana*, 'twas a horrid Treaſon;
And ſhould the Senate wink at this great Crime,
Like *Manlius*, with theſe Hands I'de Sacrifice
My Offspring to juſt Vengeance.

2 *Sen.* Spoke like his Anceſtors.

1 *Sen.* This was a forreign project.

2 *Sen.* The King of *Spain*'s,
The Univerſal *Monarch*.

{ Intrigo *putting his Head and Hands out of the Trunk, unſeen to the Senate.*

Int. Like enough, the King of *Spain* a hand in

Stealing

Stealing the Man's Daughter.

[*Notes it in a Table-Book.*

4 *Sen.* This 'tis to favour Strangers.

3 *Sen.* Yet some not stick to say, 'twas but a Wedding;
The more suspitious. Was not the execution
Of Protestants at *Paris*, acted at one?

4 *Sen.* But, were there no designe,
Yet, in the rigor of the Law, 'tis death
To go disguis'd in Arms: expressly 'gainst
The Letter of the Act of *Ordelasi*,
For Swords and Vizors ne'r were worn together.
But in believing *England*, where Saints turn Rebels.

2 *Sen.* Let 'em dye then.

Prov. Illustrious Fathers, did I think this riot

[*A Proveditor, or Senator rises up.*

Had the least face of Treason, or of Murder,
None should more blindly Censure, deadly Judge;
But since the root of this so deep designe
Is the weak Passion Love, whose follies are
Its Wisdom, Crimes its Virtues: shall we be so severe
T'inflict such punishments, as these disorders, back'd
With bloody'st mischiefs, only could deserve?
Had these poor Lovers undermin'd your Senate,
Kill'd some chief Magistrate, or fir'd your City,
Seiz'd on the Arsenal, or but contriv'd, or hop'd for
The least of these; then had we justly trembled:
But they, fierce Wights, were in an open *Villa*,
Their Bulwarks were their Hedges, Orange Trees their Blinds,
Their Trumpets, Fiddles, Banners, Ladies Scarfs;
And Petticoats their Trenches. Monstrous Treasons!
Dark Machinations! Dreadful *Spanish* Plots!

[Intrigo *peeps out again.*

Int. Bulwarks Hedges, Peticoats Trenches?
My life for't, some modern way of Fortification;
How this age improves!

[*Notes it again.*

Prov. Best torture 'em, and mortify those Limbs
Which Love would have made suppler before morning:
Make 'em confess, and chuse to dye, for death
Is less to them, than or delay, or pain.

Extort

Extort how many dangerous deep Intrigues
What Junto's they have had to blow up hearts,
How many Towns they've taken, plunder'd, fir'd, and ſlighted,
And which of them by Storm, and which by Treaty,
And give a Liſt of the Confederates.
'Twould cauſe ſome bluſhes in the Senate Houſe.
But you muſt know all! Theſe were bloody Plots
To blow up Virgin-Treaſures: not *S. Mark's.*

Cor. Brave Boy!

2 *Sen.* Pſhaw! now I am clearly convinc'd, there was no Treaſon in't.

3 *Sen.* No, none at all.

4 *Sen.* Yes, a treaſonable piece of Leachery.

3 *Sen.* An inconſiderate Frolick.
Count *Sforza* has deſerv'd well of the State.

2 *Sen.* The Ladies could have no deſigne to betray their Fathers.

Doge. The ſeverity of the Act of *Ordelaſo*, has been mitigated by two ſubſequent Statutes, in *Gradonico* and *Friuli's* times; ſo that now the Law ſtands thus. This Fact is death without mercy, if prov'd intentional for Treaſon, or for Murder; if otherwiſe, the Gallies, or Eccleſiaſtical Cenſure, according to the circumſtances, which heighten or extenuate the crime, Gentlemen, which of theſe three are you reſolv'd on?

All Sen. Eccleſiaſtical Cenſure, Eccleſiaſtical Cenſure.

Doge. Your Eminence is deſir'd to give your Sacred Sentence.
And with the ſparks of your deriv'd Infallibility,
To light our ſtumbling Reaſon.

Cor. How bloodily this Cardinal looks! 'Twould trouble me to dye in the very Flower of my Age thus.

Viſc. And, begar, me have de Fievre quarte.

Cor. Hark you Mr. *Exang*, you ſhall have the Honor to be hang'd firſt, becauſe of your Command: Mounſieur *Exang*, la Precedence *Monſou.*

Cryer. Silence at the Bar.

Triv. Moſt Honor'd Senators, I much commend your charity. } *Riſing up.*
And Chriſtian tenderneſs, in caſe of Bloud.

Your

Your Infant State requir'd that cautious rigor.
Strict Laws, are like Steel Bodies, good for growing Limbs;
But when the Joynts are knit, they are not helps, but burdens.
That which now ſeems t'have caus'd this great diſorder,
Is that wild paſſion Love, which is not tam'd,
But with much Pray'r and Faſting, by us Men in Orders;
And ſecular Men muſt be allow'd ſome grains.
Moſt Laws exempt Mad Men from Executions;
Their death breeds pity more than terror. All theſe errors
Were done by chance, when Love had baniſh'd Reaſon.
To put to death ſix Lovers on their Wedding day,
When they are going to give life to others,
Would be a Maſſacre, not execution.

Int. Peeps out. That's to ſay, People in the ſolemn Act of Generation ought not to be diſturb'd A pious Cardinal.

Triv. Poor eaſy Souls, they were going to betray Themſelves, not you: you fright 'em from the ſnare They're running in ſuch haſte to thruſt their Heads in.

Cor. 'Slife, this 'll prove a brave Man of God!

Viſc. O de good-man o' de Shourſhe.

Cor. This fellow talks as if he were frighting away Crows; 'tis pity you ſhould ſcape hanging, good Mr. *Exang.*

Viſc. Begar old Man, if me be no hang'd, me vil have ſatisfaceon for de affront in the Hooſe of the great Dogue.

Cor. Bear witneſs, Gentlemen, he threatens me, I ſhall go in dread of my life; therefore for the ſecurity of my Perſon, good Mr. Cardinal, hang us both together.

Cryer. Peace in the Court; Peace, Peace.

Triv. Foure puniſhments the Church allows us,
Fire, Gallies, Inquiſition, Excommunication:
Or other Pennance at the Prieſts diſcretion.
And, to conclude, they need
No other Flames to burn in, but their own:
Love is no Hereſie, but a Catholick Doctrine;
The ſame way made and finiſh'd over all the World;
Needs no Inquiſitors, but cautious Parents.
Hard Oars were never made for ſuch ſoft Hands.
Soul-wounding Excommunications

Are blows too Airy for such stiff-neck'd Riots,
Bordering on Treason.

Sfor. Whither now! shall we be transported?

Triv. Love was the cause, 'tis fit that Love should suffer.

Sfor. I had rather dye, than lose my Mistriss.

Triv. Then I decree, by virtue of the Holy Chair's,
And this Republick's Laws, that first the Prisoners
Implore the pardon of th' offended Senate;
And, farthermore, I solemnly condemn 'em
To the perpetual Prison of the Nuptial Sheets.
Late Councils hold, Marriage from Heav'n was sent,
Not the reward of Love, but punishment.

All Sen. Agreed, agreed. Admirable Divine Sentence!

Doge. The Judgement's very mild; but I submit,
To th' Reverend Church. Count *Sforza*'s Virtue is
A double Fortune.
Daughter, are you contented with your choice.

Par. The State has try'd his Service, I, his Faith,
With some experiments not less distracting
I dare not now dispute your Highness Sentence.

Grim. My Daughter married to
A wandring *Frenchman*! Your Eminence be pleas'd
To pause upon that Judgement.

Int. peeps out. A *Frenchman* too in the Plot! o' my word, a shrewd deep-thinking Nation: they cover internal Wisdom, with external Folly.

Triv. It is irrevocable,
'Twas first her choice, and now her punishment.

Visc. Begar old Fader in de law, me noe Vagaboon, me noe Rogue wandring.

Int. Mark his politick Accent, and his craftily transposed Sense. Who sees the bottom of this?

Visc. to Grim. Sir, to perplex you no longer. I am not the first *French*-Master, that has run away with a Gentleman's Daughter. [*Pulls off his Disguise.*
Your Daughter's wondrous apt to learn the Language.

1 *Sen.* Of Nature, Sir.

2 *Sen. Visconti*!

Cor. Why, my dear friend, and no *Exang*! [*Hugs him.*

3 *Sen.* A good Match for your Daughter.

Grim. I have had better offers; but I acquiesce
In Sacred Justice, with my Daughters liking.

Mel. Our Vows are seal'd long since, Sir.

Hir. Here's mad work y'faith!
I'm glad the Reveller is not here, to marry
My Daughter.

1 *Sen.* How does your Eminence dispose of the marry'd Couple?

Triv. Their punishment shall be to live at home
Together; and that's enough for her;
His, to return from a glittering Gallant, to a Thread-bare Usurer, and to tell,
All his own Money till his fingers ake,
Without a Deputy Scraper.

Cor. I'll throw't away first!

Triv. And for the credit of his forsaken Dignity,
To have his Senator's Gown stitch'd to his Back.

Cor. This whorson long gown will utterly spoil my *Boon meen.*

Int. Nay, if the Clarissimo's begin to go in Quirpo once, farewel Christendom, unless it be done upon designe.

Bell. No matter, Husband, if your Reverend jealousie return not.

Cor. The Devil lodge such Guests, *Cornanti* never.

1 *Sen.* But, Reverend Father, there is yet one of
The chief Malefactors that has broke prison,
And left his Mistress *Aurana* behind him.
How do you Sentence him?

Triv. To be married to her, assoon as e're he's caught.
I have heard 'em say, he's a wandring Gallant; 'twill be a true punishment to him: if an ordinary Prison will not hold him, clap him into the Dungeon.

Aur. Oh that *Trivultio* was here, to thank this good Cardinal.

Hir. Nay, Reverend Sir, let not so rude a fellow
Enjoy my only Heir, his Fortune too, incertain.

Triv. I do not use to have Decrees so Canvas'd.

Hir. Then, if I must consent to lose a Father's pow'r,
Let 'em inherit wrangling poverty.
I'll never bait her Misery with my Fortune.

Cor. He a rude fellow? 'Tis false, Sir. O' my knowledge he's as honest a young Man of his Body, as any's within a hundred mile of his Head, though I say it, that should not. I have try'd him, Sir if you go to that, and you too. Hold your prating, *Hircanio*: shall I tell all? { *Puts his finger to his Nose.*

Hir. Betray'd, and sham'd!
Come, come, Sir, what's this to his Fortune

Cor. 'Tis thus much, Sir: I have enough for him, and for my self too; and he shall have your Daughter, in spight of your teeth, if you go to that, la! say I told you so.
Tara tang. [*Sings.*

Int. This old Gentleman's much improv'd of late in his Parts and Elocution: He has been an unknown wise Man these forty years. Heaven guard the State.

Hir. Was ever Man thus Hector'd by a Priest and a Lunatic!

2 *Sen.* How does your Eminence adjudge the Complices?

Trio. Alas poor hirelings! Let 'em all be pardon'd.

All Sen. Excellent Sentence!

Doge. But all these Decrees be entred in the Journal.

All Sen. I, I, I. [*Great cry.*

Hir. — No. [*Faintly, after all.*

1 *Sen.* Do you observe the malicious feeble Negative?

Enter Cardinal Colonna, *the Pope's Legat.*

What another Cardinal?

2 *Sen.* There's never a Cardinal at *Venice* more,
But old *Grimaldi*, that lies Bed-rid.

1 *Sen.* True. Cardinal *Bragadino* is at *Rome*,
In his waiting upon his Holiness.

2 *Sen.* But 'tis the same I think.

3 *Sen.* An Apparition!
Do my Eyes see double?
Here's another Cardinal *Colonna*!

4 *Sen.* All old Cardinals look alike, as all old Women do.

Card. Ha! What do I ſee? another in my place! [*Comes forward.*
Honored Senators, I come t'attend your pleaſures.

Doge. What, a double Cardinal *Colonna*! { *Many Senators riſe up as frighted*
Sure this is ſome Impoſtor.

Grim. Rather a Spright: one of the Devils Prelates.

[Trivultio *riſes up.*

1 *Sen.* That he may be, and yet be Fleſh and Bloud.

Int. I knew it would not paſs thus.
I warrant you, wiſe *Rome* keeps a Counterpart
Of every Cardinal ſhe ſends abroad.

Triv. Moſt worthy Sons of the Church,
I beg your Juſtice from the Holy Chair,
Upon this Sacrilegious Impoſtor,
For abuſing our Sacred Habit Legatine.

Card. Why, Gentlemen, would you make me believe
I am not my ſelf?
Impudent Monſter, thou'rt a Cheat,
An *Anathema*, to abuſe the Church,
And to uſurp my Seat. If thou 'rt a Cardinal,
Thou art no Legate from his Holineſs.

{ *Goes up to him furiouſly, as if he would pull him out.*

I will Dethrone thee.

Triv. Fathers, look to the Honor of the *Chriſtian* Faith.

1 *Sen.* Right, Such violence becomes not his Profeſſion.

Doge. Forbear to affront his Eminence.

3 *Sen.* No rude action till the thing is known.

Int. Theſe Cardinals are ſpies one upon another, and know it not..

Doge. Tipſtaff, Who was it that was ſent to ſummon his Eminence?

Tip. A fellow that's without.

Doge. Call him in.

{ Tipſtaff *goes to the door, and brings in* Circumſtantio.

What did you ſummon the Cardinal here?

[*Pointing to* Trivultio.

Cir. With due ſubmiſſion to your Honors Worſhip,

And

And ſtriking ſail to your intellectual Gravity,
And without offence be it ſpoken to his
Cardinals Worſhip, if I may take the boldneſs to ſay ſo,
I did.

Int. My man entred into the grand Intrigue! O' my word, he was always a hopeful fellow.

Doge. A very formal Coxcomb. Well then, turn about. Did you fetch this Cardinal too here? *[Pointing to the Cardinal.*

Cir. I marry did I, as I told you before, *{Looks at one, then at another, as if he were frighted.*} will you not believe me? what are you skipt hither ſo ſoon?

Card. Honeſt friend, did not you fetch me?

Cir. I, I'm ſure I fetcht you, if you be the ſame with the other; for I fetcht but one: but if your Worſhips be two of you, I know not which I fetch'd.

Card. Why, doſt thou not know me? and didſt thou not come to me, to my Houſe in the *Strada della Chieſa*?

Cir. I, that I'll be ſworn I did, and I know your Worſhip very well: but, beſhrew my heart, I think your Worſhip's a *Strologer*, or a *Negromonſter*, that can make two people of one.

3 *Sen.* Strange Labyrinth?

2 *Sen.* The fellow himſelf cannot know it.

Doge. Nothing but circumſtance of time and place,
Can clear this doubt. *Tipſtaff*, did you employ this fellow?

Tip. May it pleaſe your Highneſs, not I; but he told me, that one of our fellows did, who ſhould have gone himſelf.

Doge. This may be a Rogue, then. Come, come, ſirrah, tell the whole ſtory, with all the circumſtances of it, how, where, and from whom you receiv'd your Meſſage; and how long ſince you deliver'd it, and where you met with the Cardinal, with other particulars.

Cir. I ſhall, Sir, tell you in ſhort. Going to go this morning towards a Club we have kept theſe two years, as much as to ſay a merry meeting, as much as to ſay, at the *Three Tuns* in the *Piazza dei Jardini*, as fine a Signe as any's in *Venice*, and as well Painted, by the ſame token, we had beſpoke to Supper, a diſh of ſtew'd Cheſnuts, five ſtumps of Capons Legs

we

we had borrow'd of our Masters, a Fricacee of Frogs, and a dish of butter'd Snails; I had not gone half way, but as sure as my Grandfather was at *Lepanto*, who should I meet with by the way, but a great croud of people with Halberds, and Staves, carrying Thieves or Traytors to prison.

Int. An excellent Narrative!
Little does the Senate know, by whose Precepts he was form'd to this perfection.

1 *Sen.* A very impertinent fellow! [*Aside.*

Cir. So, I stept aside into a Shop, to see 'em pass: the Shop-keeper ask'd me what I would buy; But, intending my Money for other uses, out I went into the Street again; and, as sure as my Grandfather was at *Lepanto*, the company was almost lost: yet I had a mind to follow 'em; but, for all my haste, I was resolved to take a dram of the Bottle by the way.

Card. Honest friend, come to the point. You know where you found me, and what you found me doing, who was with me, and how I promis'd you to come presently, as soon as I had dispatch'd my business with the Canons of *S. Mark*, whom you saw there.

Cir. Oh Lord, Sir! what are you mad, Sir?—[*Scratches his Head.*] Now have you clearly put me out, that I cannot remember one word more, if I were to be hang'd for't; unless I begin again, word for word.

Int. Alas-a-day, his old infirmity! 'tmay spoil his State-course.

Doge. So so: this is a made tale.

1 *Sen.* A meer juggle, and contrivance between 'em.

2 *Sen.* And the fellow makes himself simple, to be the less suspected.

Cir. Indeed, my Lords, what I speak is very true; but I am a little out in my story, and the Lesson I learn'd of my Master.

Doge. So, so, he confesses the Master and the Schollar.

1 *Sen.* 'Tis now as clear as day.

4 *Sen.* A meer study'd Lesson, and the fellow could say no farther; for he had it only by roat.

Doge. Away with the Mock-Cardinal, and his Man: clap

the-

the Master and Schollar close in Irons, till farther order.
[*The Tipstaves seize 'em.*

3 *Sen.* Disrobe and whip him.

4 *Sen.* No, let him be sent in this Habit to *Rome*, and there punish'd.

2 *Sen.* A most impious Act.

4 *Sen.* Prophane.

2 *Sen.* Abominable.

Card. Is there no Justice here?
Then I appeal unto the Holy Chair.

1 *Sen.* We allow no Appeals. Away with him.

All Sen. Away with him, away with him.

Triv. Most Honor'd Fathers, I thank you for your Zeal
To th' Holy Church; but since this is a day
Of general jolity, I freely here
Forgive all the affronts done to my self,
As *Christian* Charity Commands, and humbly
Beg your pardons for the Mock-Cardinal.

Doge. Oh, Reverend Sir, you are too mortify'd;
Our Zeal to th' Holy Church cannot pass by
So great a scandal.

Triv. I beg it once again, with earnest Prayers.
And hope you will not envy me that meritorious Act.

Doge, Well. Since your Eminence is pleas'd to be
So merciful, we have no reason to
Be more severe.

3 *Sen.* No, not at all.

4 *Sen.* 'Tis a day
Of publick mirth: the Carnival time too.

2 *Sen.* Let him be pardon'd, and confess his knavery.

All Sen. I, I, I. [Trivultio *pulls off his Disguise.*

Triv. Great thanks, Illustrious Fathers, for your Gracious Pardon.

Doge. Is't possible?

Cor. Trivultio! whough!

Int. Look you there now; I knew 'twould end in this. But the poor fellow will be hang'd. This comes of his capering and Dancing without designe stil. This 'tis to have the Bark of a *Frenchman*, but none of the Sap. 1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* This was a Maſter-piece, y'faith.

{ Trivultio *runs from his Seat, and falls upon his knees before the Cardinal.*

2 *Sen.* Deſerves Reward as well as Pardon.

Hir. A Cheat, a Cheat, a new Sentence:

Triv. Your Pardon, Reverend Sir.

Card. Bleſs me! the wanton wag *Trivultio*!
I am beholding to the Impoſtor however,
For his good Nature: Heaven forgive you.

{ Cornanti *ſnatches him away from before the Cardinal, and kiſſes him.*

Cor. Ah, my dear Boy, have I found thee again!
Thou haſt more wit than the whole Senate.

Hir. How now, Sir?

Cor. I marry has he, Sir, for all you, if you go to that.

Doge. Will't pleaſe your Eminence to aſſume your Seat?

[*Cardinal goes up to his Seat.*

Hir. The Sentence now is void, though the Impoſtor's pardon'd.

Card. Pray, Sir, let's hear the Caſe.

Doge. It is, in ſhort, a Riot 'gainſt our Laws,
Though the intention reach'd no farther than
Honourable Marriage; and it pleas'd the Senate,
In mitigation of their puniſhment,
To leave 'em to the mercy of the Church:
This Youth ſteps in diſguis'd; Ordains 'em Marriage;
And though the Fact was bold and illuſory,
Yet the whole Senate has approv'd the Judgement.

All Sen. I, I, I.

Hir. This 'll not paſs. My Lord, we 're abus'd and cheated,
And our Daughters ruin'd.

3 *Sen.* No, no, my Lord,
'Tis meer malice: the Matches are ſuitable.

Cor. If you talk more, *Hircanio*, your Daughter ſhan't have him, if ſhe would down on her knees to him.

Card. Shall I pleaſe one, or all?
As 'tis the States civility to give
The Church this Pow'r; ſo 'tis his Holineſs's Order

In all things, to comply with this Illustrious House,
Where Reason or Religion do not suffer.
I'll not recede one tittle from the former Sentence,
Though 'twas irregular and monstrous;
Yet happy in the approbation of
This most Judicious, Honourable Senate.

All Sen. Thanks to your Eminence, thanks, thanks.

Doge. Inroll the Judgement, and this day's transactions.

Int. Shallow proceedings! if I would but appear now, I could turn the whole business again.

Hir. Baffled again! Well, is not this business to be cur'd [*Aside to* Satana.

Sat. Not possibly.

Hir. No quirk in Law left? Try, good *Satana.*

Sat. 'Tis in vain, Sir.

Hir. Come, here's your Fee.

Sat. By no means, Sir, 'tis not for that.

Hir. Pray, Sir, take it. [*Presses him.*

Sat. Not in this place, indeed Sir.

Hir. Well, well, then I'll keep it for you.

Sat. Who would have thought he would have pocketed it again! but I shall have it. Let me see.

Hir. How this Fee works!

Sat. I have found a most material objection. Hark you, Sir. [*Whisper together.*

Doge. What means this Caballing in Court? The Senate's ready to Adjourn.

Hir. Gentlemen, I humbly conceive this Sentence is void; For I conceive——

1 *Sen.* This Lawyer has infected him with their *Dubious Salvo.*

Hir. The Pope's Ordinary is not a Judge, but Minister of the Court; and I desire the Records may be search'd, to see if there were ever any Precedent of this Nature.

Int. How's that?

3 *Sen.* What pow'r soever the Legat has, the Judgement has been confirm'd by us.

Doge. Nevertheless, let us search the Records for his satisfaction.

Int.

Int. Now ſhall I be rewarded for this my inquiſitive care of the State.

Doge. Clerk, make a ſearch.

2. *Sen.* I, we cannot deny that.

[*One of the Clerks opens the Trunk, and takes out Records.*

1 *Clerk.* Bleſs me! the Parchments move.

2 *Clerk.* If ever Book breath'd in this World, here's one.

[*Another looking in.*

1 *Sen.* What, are you mad?

1 *Clerk.* A Spirit, a Spirit?

2 *Sen.* Some Rat that ſtirs among the Papers.

2 *Clerk.* Oh Heavens! a Ghoſt, in humane ſhape!

Hir. A miracle, a miracle! The Law-giver,
Great *Ordelaſo*, come himſelf in perſon,
To vindicate his antient God-like Law.

Sat. If Earth be ſilent, ſee juſt Heaven will ſpeak.
No leſs a wonder than a Reſurrection,
A man laid in his Grave ſix hundred years
Now riſes up, to wake our drowzy Juſtice.
Let us prepare t'adore the reverend Ghoſt,
And welcome him unto his antient Seat.

1 *Sen.* 'Tis ſtrange!

2. *Sen.* What may this mean?

4 *Sen.* A general Conſternation!

Doge. Strange fright!

} *All the Senators ſeem afraid, and expreſs nothing of contempt, but reverence.*

Card. What e're thou art, Ghoſt, Devil, Angel,
What e're thy dreadful meſſage is to Earth,
I'th' name of Heaven ariſe.

} Intrigo *puts up his Head a little, and his white Perruke appears.*

Sata. See, ſee, his glorious Head!
So riſes, by degrees, great *Ordelaſo*,
Like the all-piercing *Phœbus* from his Eaſtern Couch,
To give us light in theſe moſt dark affairs.
See how his hoary Hairs, grown white in the ſervice of
This Common-wealth, are perfect yet upon
His watchful Temples. His Face as black as Mummy,

Intrigo's *Face appears a little.*

Yet firm and ſolid, and ſeems penſive.
He's pond'ring ſomething for the publick good.

Intrigo *ſtarts upright in the Trunk.*

Int. I, that I am, grave Senators. [*A general laughter.*
And, let me tell you, under the Roſe, 't has been my ſole employment for ſome years, though I have little thanks for't: and, though I am not *Ordelaſa*,
Yet take my cautions as not leſs authentick;
Which are, to keep your Laws inviolate.

Doge. Still in the right *Intrigo*:
Wiſe, vertuous *Intrigo*,
Thoſe ills are fatal where no pain's endur'd,
The wiſer ſort of fools are never cur'd.

Grim. True; he has ſuch a politic Lethargy upon him, he cannot feel the Pricks and Lancings of ill fortune.
He has been liſt'ning here, to increaſe his prudence,
Notwithſtanding his late affronts at Seignior *Cornanti*'s.

Corn. Was there ever ſuch a fool as this fellow?
We natural fools are nothing to him.

Triv. Why do you thus eclipſe ſo quaint a Beauty?
[To *Intrigo.*]
That radiant face! *Exit.*

Corn. Sir, I perceive you're a great *Virtuoſo*;
Will you teach me the Receit to get Blackamoor Children,
That a man may know 'em to be his own?
All hail, great *Ordelaſo!* [To *Hircanio.*]
If Earth be ſilent, ſee, juſt Heav'n will ſpeak. [To *Satana.*]

Enter Trivultio, *leading in* Circumſtantio.

Triv. Look, here's your Maſter.

Circ. 'Sfoot, I think it be. [*Makes three legs.*]
With due ſubmiſſion to your horrible prudence,
And ſtriking ſail to your infernal gravity,
I am almoſt out of my little wits
To ſee your worſhip again.

1 *Sen.* So, ſo, here's the leſſon

That

That deceiv'd the Senate.

Cryer. Silence in the Court.

Doge. How came this fellow here?

Clerk. An't pleaſe your Highneſs, I can't imagine, unleſs he clapt the Keys in Clay, or brib'd the Lock-ſmith.

Doge. Was there ever ſuch a curious Coxcomb!
Clerk of the Preſidents, how do you find the caſe?

2 *Clerk.* The Ordinary in this caſe is Judge,
From whom lies no appeal, but to the Pope:
The *Decimo tertio* of *Gradonico*,
And the *Octavo* of *Andrea Gritti.*

Doge. Maſter Procurator, you ſee your remedy.

Card. Which will be worſe than the diſeaſe: His Holineſs
Will truſt the Senate, and my ſelf in weightier matters.

Hir. Well, I ſubmit. However, this marriage will take off *Trivultio*'s edge from my Miſtreſs *Bellinganna*,
And the old fool *Cornanti*, may do ſomething for him.

Corn. Oh Sir, is your ſtomach come down?
Did not I tell you, I would make you do't?
Well, Sir, I'll remember *Trivultio* in my Will;
But I don't intend to die theſe forty years yet.

Hir. Lawyer, this ſearch was not worth a Fee.

Sat. I'll take heed of being Meal-mouth'd hereafter.

4 *Sen.* (*Clapping his hand on his breſt gravely.*) In good ſadneſs this was but a fooliſh trick
For ſuch a wiſe man as Signior *Intrigo.*

1 *Sen.* Why, there's it; every man knows him not.
Theſe inviſible fools are the deſtruction
Of private Families, as well as States.
Nor are they eaſily to be prevented
By wiſer men, becauſe their follies are
Always in diſguiſe.

2 *Sen.* Right. This ſort of fools walk always with dark Lanthorns; and they ought more to be fin'd for wearing Vizors over their follies, than others over their faces.

3 *Sen.* I think, indeed, they ought to be as puniſhable
By Law, as men that cover their Wells and Coal-pits
With rotten Wood and Bryars, not ſolid Boards,

That

That will not keep men from falling in, but
Decoy 'em to their ruine by ſecurity.

Doge. Gentlemen, 'tis time to adjourn: There only reſts,
What puniſhment upon this grave offender?

Grim. Troth, Gentlemen, my opinion is, That all extraordinary fools ought to have Penſions, inſtead of Puniſhments, eſpecially thoſe that bring up a new Mode of Folly. There is Honor due to Eminence in all things, and rewards for new inventions.

2 *Sen.* True; if all men were wiſe, there would be none to make ſport with. Fools ſerve for honeſt men to laugh at, as well as Knaves to prey upon.

3 *Sen.* If it were not for the amorous Fool in Tragedies, and the merry Fool in Comedies, what would become of the Players?

1 *Sen.* I, more than that; if there were no Fools, there would be no Wits. Every new Fool begets a new Play; either as the Subject, or the Compoſer.

Doge. No queſtion but they are as neceſſary in a Commonwealth, as wiſer men, for variety.
Nothing ſo well Mankind's diverſion Fits,
As difference of Sexes, and of Wits.

Exeunt omnes.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

As it was ſpoke by Mr. *Haines*.

AS Charms are Nonſence, Nonſence ſeems a Charm,
Which hearers of all Judgment does diſarm;
For Songs and Scenes, a double Audience bring,
And Doggrel takes, which Smiths in Sattin ſing.
Now to Machines, and a dull Mask you run,
We find that Wit's the Monſter you would ſhun,
And by my troth 'tis moſt diſcreetly done.
For ſince, with Vice and Folly, Wit is fed,
Through Mercy 'tis, moſt of you are not dead.
Players turn Puppets now at your deſire,
In their Mouth's Nonſence, in their Tails a Wire,
They fly through Clouds of Clouts, and ſhowers of Fire.
A kind of looſing Loadum *is their Game,*
Where the worſt Writer has the greateſt Fame.
To get vile Plays like theirs, ſhall be our care;
But of ſuch awkard *Actors we* deſpair.
Falſe taught at firſt———
Like Bowls ill byaſs'd, ſtill the more they run
They're further off, then when they firſt begun.
In Comedy their unweigh'd Action mark,
There's one is ſuch a dear familiar ſpark,
He yawns, as if he were but half awake;
And fribling for free ſpeaking, does miſtake.
Falſe accent and neglectful Action too
They have both ſo nigh good, yet neither true,
That both together, like an Ape's mock face
By near reſembling Man, do Man diſgrace.
Through pac'd ill Actors, may perhaps be cur'd,
Half Players like half Wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet theſe are they, who durſt expoſe the Age
Of the great Wonder *of our Engliſh Stage.*

Whom

EPILOGUE.

Whom Nature ſeem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him ſpeak, as ſhe bid Shakeſpeare *write.*
Thoſe Blades indeed are Cripples in their Art
Mimmick his Foot, but not his ſpeaking part.
Let them the Traytor *or* Volpone *try,*
Could they———
Rage like Cethegus, *or like* Caſſius *die,*
They ne'er had ſent to Paris *for ſuch Fancies,*
As Monſter's heads, and Merry Andrew's *Dances.*
Wither'd perhaps, not periſh'd we appear,
But they were blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th'old Poets dreſs'd your Miſtreſs Wit before,
Theſe draw you on with an old Painted Whore,
And ſell like Bawds, patch'd Plays for Maids twice o'er.
Yet they may ſcorn our Houſe and Actors too,
Since they have ſwell'd ſo high to hector you.
They cry, Pox o'theſe Covent Garden *Men,*
Dam 'em, not one of them, but keeps out Ten.
Were they once gone, we for thoſe thundering Blades,
Should have an Audience of ſubſtantial Trades,
Who love our muzzled Boys, and tearing Fellows,
My Lord great *Neptune*, and great Nephew *Eolus.*
Oh how the merry Citizen's in love
With———
Pſyche, the Goddeſs of each Field and Grove.
He cryes i'faith, methinks 'tis well enough,
But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd ſtuff.
So to their Houſe the graver Fops repair,
While Men of Wit, find one another here.

FINIS.